

THE BROADER VISION

BY ALBERT ELLIOTT HOLMES



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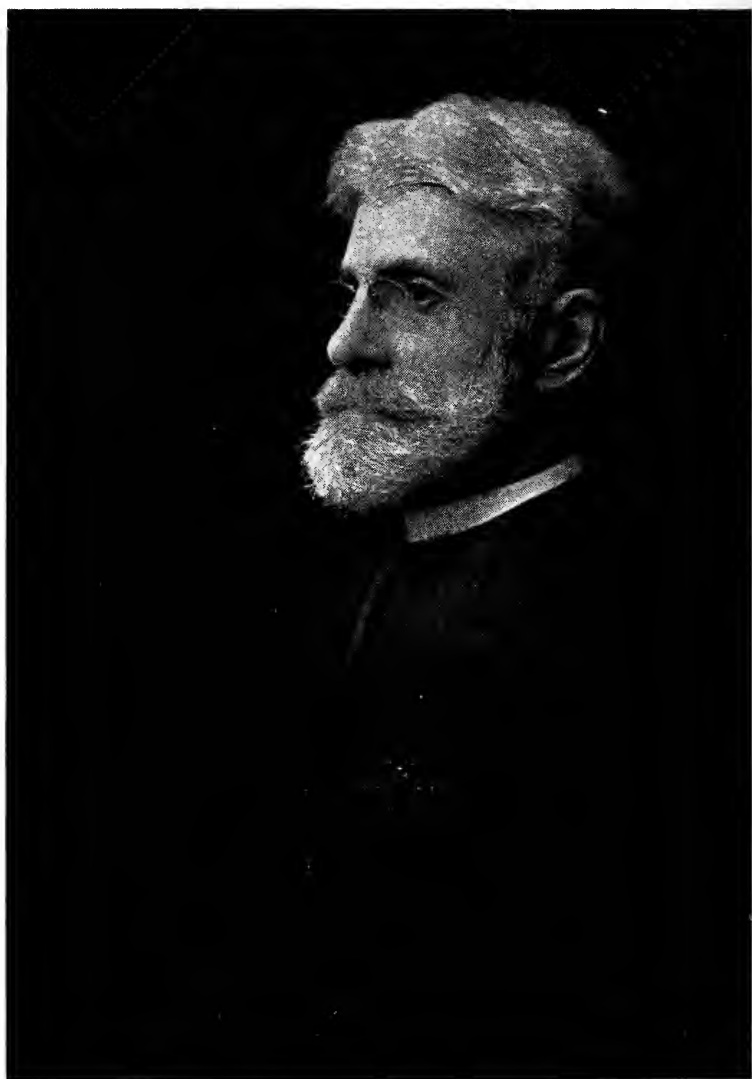
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THE BROADER VISION





RICHARD SILL HOLMES

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS are due, for the material used in the making of this little book, to the editors of "The Continent," on whose pages many of the selections which make up the contents have appeared. The poems are fugitives, gathered from many sources, some few of them never having been published before. The short prose articles have all appeared as editorial material in the columns of "The Westminster" and of "The Continent." The little collection of Dr. Holmes's work has been prepared and edited by his daughter, at the request of many of his friends; and is now published with the hope that in this way the influence of the message that for forty years he preached, with tongue and with pen, may be made permanent and abiding.

M. D. H.



RICHARD SILL HOLMES

1842-1912

*WE may not crown him with weak words or laurel him with
praise,*

Or know the greatness of his life in numbering of his days.

'Tis not with line of eulogy we measure best his girth —

“E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth.”

*The beating of his heart is still, and yet his soul throbs on
And trumpets us to victories, embattled, he has won.*

*His laughter lilts upon our lips, his purpose nerves our hand,
And visioned by his faith we press toward God's high prom-
ised land.*

*'Tis not for brave and golden words that we have loved him
most,*

Or for those merited rewards the world delights to boast.

His life rang true, in death he was not holden of the sod;

For as he walked the paths of earth so fared he forth to God.

ELLIOT FIELD

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THE BROADER VISION

THE STORY OF A FULL LIFE

THE lives of some great men are memorable for outstanding achievements, rising like mountain peaks above the level plain of the everyday work of their lesser contemporaries. Other men, equally great, are so not by virtue of a few notable deeds, but by grace of the untiring energy, the vital faith, the lofty idealism which pack into one lifetime the accomplishment of two; of the fresh vigor of spirit which illuminates the common act with the light of the uncommon. Such a life has no mountain peaks, perhaps, towering above its level, though here and there may be a hill of attainment beyond that of the average soul. But everywhere the plain is aglow with the light of a radiant spirit; on its broad reaches the grass, watered by streams of loving-kindness, is green and fresh and ever young; along the path of each passer-by spring flowers of faith and joy, of peace and hope. What might have been a barren stretch of level sand is transformed into an Eden by the touch of the life that passed its sojourn

there. Such a life was and is the life of him who left as his legacy the message that this little volume brings.

Richard Sill Holmes was born in Brooklyn, New York, on the sixth of July, 1842. Coming of good English stock, his ancestors in the direct line were among the earliest settlers of New England. His mother, Lucretia Frances Harris, was directly descended from John Haynes, the first colonial governor of Connecticut, and four direct ancestors fought in the American Revolution. The vigorous independence that characterized Dr. Holmes in both thought and act was his rightful inheritance from independent Puritan and Quaker forefathers. His father, Jacob Holmes, one of the brilliant lawyers of his day, and judge on the bench in Albany, bequeathed to his son the oratorical power which the son was to turn into a religious rather than a legal channel.

The boyhood years of Dr. Holmes were spent in the village of Greenwich, New York, at that time known as "Union Village." Reared on simple lines, in a home where righteousness was the law, and where thought was open to every broadening influence of those mid-century years, he was a lad at once studious and fun-loving. Those who are familiar with his writings know how deeply entered into his soul the impressions of the surroundings of

these early years; to the end his dearest memories seemed to gather about the scenes of the old home where he grew up.

In March, 1859, he made his entrance into Middlebury College in Vermont, across the state line from his home village. He has left a description of himself as he was at that time: "A boy sixteen years old, small for his age, wearing a roundabout jacket buttoned with many brass buttons straight down from throat to waist. He had never been away from home alone before. His preparation for college was poor enough, consisting of abundant mathematics, some Latin, and but one page of the First Book of the 'Anabasis' in Greek." Before his graduation in 1862, he had shown an amazing facility in the languages particularly, and for solid scholarship along every line stood second in a class of which he was the youngest member.

Graduating at the age of twenty, he entered the field of teaching as his first activity, being instructor at Clinton, New York, and at Poughkeepsie, until the fall of 1865, when he entered Auburn Theological Seminary. The decision for the ministry was sudden, the result of a very distinct religious experience, which came after a period of spiritual decline. Failure in health compelled him to abandon his theological studies, as he thought, forever; and to enter upon a business life in Auburn. The experi-

ence which he gained from secular touch with men for the next twenty-one years was the best possible education in the actual daily needs of everyday people. When finally God thrust him back into the ministry, he came to the work equipped as no theological seminary could have equipped him with a knowledge of human nature.

Of the twenty years of his residence in Auburn, four were spent in mercantile life, eight as teacher of Latin in the Auburn High School, and six as a manufacturer. But the one interest which continued throughout these changing phases of activity was his interest in the work of the Old First Church. Work in the Sunday school led him to be its successful superintendent for many years; his fine tenor voice made him an addition to the choir, where for eight years he was a valued singer; from local Y. M. C. A. work he came to be president of the New York State Y. M. C. A. in 1871. His interest in the seminary never flagged, and in 1873, when the institution was in great need of an additional endowment, the young man, out of his limited salary as a teacher, contributed the thousand dollars which was the nucleus of a fund that his generosity inspired. Year after year he was reelected to the superintendency of the Sunday school, where his leadership was an inspiration. To the very end of his life, men and women who had felt the invigorating touch of

his strong personality in that capacity recalled with gratitude the work he did for them and for the church. Equally appreciative of the power of his life were those who had been his pupils in the high school, and at every return to Auburn in after years he would find friends among those whom he once had taught. But to find friends, in every phase of life which he touched, was for him the rule rather than the exception.

In 1877 came the experience which was finally to lead Dr. Holmes back into the path that brought him to the ministry. It was in the summer of 1876 that he went for the first time to the Chautauqua Assembly, then an experimental venture in its infancy. His genius as a student and interpreter of the Bible at once attracted the attention of Dr. John H. Vincent, the brilliant founder of an enterprise whose influence was to be more widely spread than he or his collaborators dreamed. Before another year Dr. Vincent had made sure of the services of Dr. Holmes as one of the faculty of the Chautauqua summer school and as a leader of normal Bible classes. For ten years he was engaged in the Chautauqua work, lecturing and teaching the Bible on platforms far and wide throughout the United States, in summer assemblies north and south and west. Always in after years the memory of this period of his life filled a large place in his heart,

and reminiscences of the group of gifted men and women of whom he was one never lost their charm for him. Of them all, however, it was the personality of John H. Vincent that impressed itself most strongly upon the younger man, and it was his influence, as well as the reactive effect of platform work along religious lines, that turned Dr. Holmes's attention again to the ministry as the field offering the widest opportunity for the use of his powers.

In 1884 he removed from Auburn to Plainfield, New Jersey, where he acted in the capacity of Registrar for the Chautauqua movement; and in 1887, after an interval of more than two decades since leaving the seminary, during which time he had had no technical theological training, he passed his examinations for ordination to the ministry, and received a call to his first pastorate, in Warren, Pennsylvania. Seldom indeed does a man enter, after so long a period of suspension of theological study, upon the work of an active minister. Coming to the field in the prime of life, with intellect and judgment fully matured, with insight into the needs of men gained by long experience among men, and with the kind of loving sympathy that only comes by contact with one's fellows, it is not strange that Dr. Holmes was a powerful preacher and a successful pastor.

As he had won the admiration, the devotion, the love of pupils in the high school and the Sunday school, of fellow-workers and of listeners in summer assemblies, and of those who came in touch with him in the life of every day, so now he gained the hearts of all those who came within his ministry. Many a man in that western Pennsylvania town remembers Richard S. Holmes as the friend and helper through whose leading he came to know the Saviour. In 1890 he accepted a call to the Shadyside Church of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where — during a pastorate of fourteen years — he more than doubled the membership of the church and — what is far more worthy to be remembered than numerical success — won the devoted love of a united people. Not only as pastor but as friend, he lives in the memory of those who made his congregation during these fruitful years. It was in the year of his removal to Pittsburgh that his own college recognized his gifts as a religious leader, and the brilliant pulpit power which continued to grow as long as he continued to preach, by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Just ten years later, at the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the college, Middlebury added to the first degree that of Doctor of Laws.

In addition to ministering to the needs of a constantly growing parish, Dr. Holmes took a prominent

place in the activities of his presbytery, and as time went on became more and more recognized as a vital force in the work of the church at large. Particularly was he a strong helper in the cause of missions. In February, 1899, when, in spite of all efforts to lift the burden, the Board of Home Missions found itself still \$80,000 in debt, Dr. Holmes proffered his aid in an endeavor to extinguish this remainder before the next meeting of the General Assembly in that year. Dr. Charles L. Thompson writes: "At his suggestion a meeting was called, to which representative Presbyterians from seventeen cities were invited. With characteristic enthusiasm Dr. Holmes outlined a plan of operation, which was heartily adopted. He gave voice and pen to the work. In a few months, in large measure through his valiant aid, the debt was extinguished." Always afterwards there hung upon his office wall the framed telegram which announced the paying of the debt. "Two years later," says Dr. Thompson further, "the larger enterprise of canceling the debt on the Presbyterian building in New York was undertaken. Again the tireless energy of Dr. Holmes played an important part. By letters and personal appeals he was instrumental in securing a large share of the needed sum."

In 1904 the increasing handicap of the deafness against which Dr. Holmes had struggled for many

years made it advisable for him to resign his pastorate in Pittsburgh. Removing to Philadelphia, he became the founder of "The Westminster," lineal descendant of the "Presbyterian Journal." What the paper was during the six years of its independent existence needs little further comment than the pages of this book suggest. Into this child of his brain he put his best powers of mind and heart; and the files of the paper are a monument to his indefatigable energy, brilliant genius, untiring persistence, and inventive originality. In 1910 the paper was united with "The Interior" of Chicago, to form "The Continent." What the pen of Dr. Holmes meant, in his relation as editor with that journal, can be best deduced from a perusal of the pages which follow this brief sketch. Suffice it to say that as his pupils and his parishioners alike had known and loved him best as friend of their hearts, so now his readers caught through his writings the gleam of his genial personality, and loved the man while they admired the editor. The same charm of intimacy made part of the attraction of the novels which, in his leisure moments, he found time to write during these years in the editorial chair.

To attempt to suggest in mere words what were the character and the characteristics of a man whose measure lay not so much in what he did as in what

he was, is to discover anew the inadequacy of language. Many of those who knew him in his public capacity have paid tribute to his steady perseverance along any line of achievement which he undertook; to his untiring energy, that would let neither hands nor brain be idle; to the courage that surmounted obstacles and rose indomitable over barriers that would have daunted lesser men. Many have recalled his intensity of purpose and his fidelity in adherence to it. To talk with him about the things of the spirit was to come in touch with a breadth of view that took as the motto of its charitable tolerance the words, "No controversy"; and with a faith that, while it was vital and intelligent, was simple as a child's. One who questioned him as to his belief regarding the other world is fond of quoting his answer: "I don't know anything about it; but I do know this — whatever is on the other side, my business is to live so I'll have my share in it. I take no risks." Such a practical simplicity left no room for the speculation that so often raises earthborn clouds.

But to those who knew him best, it was his genius as a friend that lingers most in memory. Everywhere he went he drew friends to him. Children loved him; to his seniors in age he was full of the deference that yet does not relegate its recipient to the realm of the out-of-date. Among his con-

temporaries he was always a welcome comer. And the indomitable youth within him made all ages his contemporaries. At seventy, men of forty could stand with him on an equal footing of friendship, and at the same time feel the inspiring touch of the experience of mellow old age. For every life that came in touch with his he had a meaning. For every postman, elevator boy, and street-car conductor who served him he had a kindly word; these are among the number who remember him as their friend. Many readers of these pages can recall letters from him — cheery, genial, breathing the overflowing abundance of life that he shared so freely, almost always with a touch of the humor that could not be wholly repressed, even on the darkest day. Laughter was to him as the wine of life, and the ring of his hearty laugh would inspire good cheer in the gloomiest heart.

The things of life were a never-ending joy to him. His editorials were redolent of wood and field, mountain and stream, the love of nature breathing through them like a perfume. No less keen an enjoyment did he find in human nature in all its phases. To walk with him down a city street or through a crowded store was to share with him the never-failing delight that the observation of city sights afforded him. The flash of his understanding and the readiness of his sympathy, responding quickly

to the mood of his companion, amused or grieved at the same causes, bridged the forty years that lay between him and the writer of these pages, until the two were as boy and girl together. It was perhaps this ability to take another's point of view, and to throw himself heart and soul into the projects and interests of another, that made much of this great gift of his for friendship.

To speak of his friendship with the unseen and with God would be idle. His own words embody it. No higher tribute can be paid to any man than to say that he lived what he taught. The selections here reprinted represent the spirit of his message — high in its aspiration toward God, broad in its charity toward men, sympathetic in its interpretation of nature and the heart, keen and often humorous in its observation of events and their meaning. No written words can hereafter be added to the message; but so golden a spirit cannot die. Poised, well-rounded, seasoned with laughter, softened by tears, his soul ripened into eternity. Looking into the west, he saw glowing there the glory of the sunset, a glory like that which crowns his memory. The aspiration of the poet who strove and suffered and achieved, and years ago passed on beyond the sunset, was granted to this saint of God who lives now in the invisible but present world.

“So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.”

Of that sundown the afterglow still lingers, not
fading but abiding.

MABEL DODGE HOLMES.



LIFE, NATURE AND THE SPIRIT

THE PREACHER

To preach must be in a man to begin with, or it is of no use for him to try. The schools will never put it there. They may bring it out into the open, stripped and girded like an athlete, or they may fetter it for a while with their rules. But if the power to preach is in a man, it will get out sometime.

Preaching is a divine art, and there is nothing divine about the schools but their name. A divinity school may teach a man divinely, that is, after the manner of the great Master, but that will not make him preach divinely. A preacher is only a man. The man-clay of which God made us must have the divine image stamped on it, if it is to resemble things divine. The divine afflatus must have been breathed into the soul if it is ever to be breathed out; and if it ever has been breathed in, it will breathe itself out, sometime, somewhere. Expiration and inspiration must always be equal.

A man thus inspired may never be in a pulpit. He does not always need a pulpit. No community may be wise enough to give him a pulpit. But he will preach. All men and all devils cannot keep him from preaching. Such a one never has to ques-

tion whether he has a call or not; he knows. God's message is in his soul. His cry is, "Let me get it out, or I die." His cry is, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!"

If a preacher goes into the pulpit and never feels it cramping him, binding and limiting him, it may be that God called him to the ministry, but I doubt it. If a preacher ministers to a church so small, with audiences so thin, that he thinks it is not worth his while to spend his strength on them, it may be that God designed him for the ministry, but I doubt it. To the real preacher one hearer is as good as ten thousand. The preacher never knows conditions; never knows after he has begun to preach whether the congregation is large or small, whether the day is hot or cold; a crying child or a roll of thunder is as nothing to him when the divine impulse is on him. God has charged him with a message; he must deliver it; that is his only thought.

There are sermon writers, plenty of them; sermon deliverers, plenty of them; speakers from notes, and speakers without notes. One can belong to either of these classes and not be a preacher. A preacher is a wind that rushes, roars, sweeps, drives over a landscape, and makes everything know that it has passed. A preacher is a bar of steel pulled from a forge where it has been heated to glistening whiteness. A preacher is a great white-capped wave

rolling in from the ocean, dashing over every opposing thing that lies upon the shore. A man will never be a preacher who chooses the ministry from a sense of duty. He will never be a preacher if he chooses it because his parents dedicated him to God in childhood. The condition so imposed can be as well fulfilled by being a tinsmith. Let no man choose the ministry for a career, nor because he thinks it is about the most useful thing he can do. Let him not choose it at all. Let him be driven into the pulpit by God. Let him expect no pay in it, but rather crucifixion, and rejection by this world. But if it is in a man to preach; if he must preach, or go crying "Woe is me!"; if God is driving him to a pulpit, let him go; and whether it be in the way of the schools, or contrary to all the rules the schools have ever taught, let him preach the gospel to this sin-cursed world.

A SAINT

SHE was never canonized by any church, nor did she need to be. Such an act might have helped the church that did it, but not her. "Called to be saints," Paul wrote in one of his letters to some such. There have been saints in every age since Christ by his blessedness made them possible. The Roman Catholic Church has adorned history with their names, and we are glad she has. To know who the saints were and what they did is good. The Protestant Church has had as many, but their names are not blazoned on cathedral walls. Our saint was one of these.

To be a saint is easy after one has become one. But to become one — alas, one is not sanctified after the first day's trial. The Beulah land in which souls walk with God is a high table-land among the delectable mountains. To them John wrote: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Of them Paul declared: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." And no one becomes a son of God but by the bestowal of that love which John could not describe, but at which he marveled, crying: "Behold what manner of love." No one becomes a son of God but by the surrender

that makes one willing to be led. Of such a one we write. For a son of God and a daughter of God are one. There is no sex in saintliness.

What was her name? It might have been Cecilia, but it was not. It might have been Agnes, but it was not. Maiden, wife, mother, and widow, she was filial in her childhood, faithful as a wife, tenderly loving as a mother, patient in her widowhood. Sorrow only softened her; grief made her ever gentler; straitness did not narrow, but rather broadened her. Her days were days of beauty and of grace. We have known a man whom the Chinese in his city called "the man with the Jesus face." Our saint was a woman with the Jesus heart. She followed Christ; not at a distance, so far away that she could scarcely see him, but closely, and never with downcast eyes, but with radiant face and uplifted head.

For such as she it is not death to die, nor is it life to live here. Birth, life, death, are but three steps from the unseen eternity out of which we come into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Oh, how hollow are the plaudits which the world shouts for them whom it calls great, when they come into comparison with the "Well done" that affection whispers in the last hour into ears fast growing deaf to all earth's dreary noises. For "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write,

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yes, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Blessed, too, are the living who live unto the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may walk as I shall lead, and become meet for an inheritance with the saints in light.

Who was she? A saint. Her name? No matter. She was our saint. You have one. Every community has one. They are the lights of God burning on the shores of time to guide us to Christ.

BRASS AND BLUE

THEY were on a burly man who stood at a crowded street crossing in a great city. The brass was in buttons and the blue was in broadcloth. Authority was conspicuous in every action. There was a double car-line on the street, with frequent cars. Motors and carriages rolled swiftly toward the railway terminal at that corner. Drays and carts and loaded freight wagons clattered toward the freight houses, two blocks away. Foot passengers desirous to cross had tribulations, till brass and blue appeared.

What power is in the burly man's finger! He stands, helmet-crowned, under the elevated railway whose station overhead darkens the crossing; he holds up a fat hand; he beckons with a finger that moves like the finger of a stuffed glove; and timid women and doubting men go scudding across in safety. Anon he waves his whole hand, and the throng on foot pauses, while cars and drays and moving four-wheelisms pass up and down the line of road. Then the reign of the finger begins again.

We love brass and blue. We do not know his name, but he is the great city incarnate. He is the spirit of puissant law. No monarch more potent anywhere than that beckoning forefinger and waving

hand. In their realm they are absolute. Courts, counselors, and kings might learn wisdom from that burly man in brass and blue. That finger will never be impeached; it fears no bomb-thrower; yet its beck is equal to the voice of Czar or President. It is a spirit, a principle, a policy. It is the protection which a great city affords its citizens. It is a voice saying that peace, safety, happiness depend upon each citizen surrendering to all, and all to each, for just a moment a fraction of the citizen's inalienable right. Pedestrians, pause a moment; for your patience you shall have peaceful transit. Carts, curb your clanging onrush for a little; for your courtesy you shall have your full chance. Cart and dray and wagon and motor have physical might on their side; they could easily run down brass and blue. They have right on their side, too. Were not the streets built for them to use? But up goes the fat finger, and they all stop.

We are a law-abiding people. Even the president of the great corporation, who means to evade the law which restricts his corporation's greed for gain, will respect the law of individual right. He will not steal an apple from an apple-woman's stand. He will not go counter to the behests of brass and blue. Herein lies the promise of stability for the republic, in the fact that the common order of the day is honesty, not crime. Twenty-five thousand people

pass brass and blue every day, and he does not make one arrest a week. He may have a club hanging at his belt, and a gun about him somewhere, but all we see is his potent finger, beckoning or pointing, or his eloquent restraining hand. If he has to club a man, or to draw his gun, it is in a calm, cold, law-governed way, and the throng has a new sense of security, after club or gun has reduced a fractious citizen to order.

Here's to the perpetuity of the order of brass and blue! In reality it is we ourselves, acting for the conservation of the best interests of society. Here's to the health and happiness of the man who gets us all across the crowded, congested thoroughfare, standing as he must for hours at a time in one place, in all weathers, with finger beckoning or hand waving. Here's to American obedience to the insignia of law; here's to our innate intuitive regard for the externals of power. This is our sovereign; not the man in khaki, or in the full-dress of khaki wearer's commander, who drills sometimes and appears upon parade; but brass and blue — always with us, always ready to do a helpful thing, always entitled to our sympathy, our respect, and our regard.

THE DAY OF THE DRONE

INEVITABLE. Escape from it is impossible. Hustle as you will, the hour will overtake you when you must succumb to the divine fiat. There is too much work to be done in after days, after months, after years, for you to try to cram it all into one day, one month, one year. The day of the drone will have its place. If you do not give it willingly, nature will force it in upon you.

Rest is a world-controlling law as much as is work. The man who realizes that and obeys each law is wise. Angels are singing somewhere always; bright ones, fair ones. Stop beside life's weary road and listen. Hear the song? 'Tis but the sighing of the wind in the trees, you say? Yet is it one of the angel voices. We stop to hear the sound of its going in the tops of the trees, and in an instant rises the picture of the barefooted boy in the woodland on the home farm, following the cows gathered from the pasture behind the woods. We see him stop to listen to the melody breathed by the wind through big dark pines and sky-towering birches and sturdy hickories, and we forget time and place as we try to fit words to the music that will express our sense of rest and peace. It is the droning

hour, filled with the song that will lull the world to sleep. It is better to rest than to break. There is a drone in us all that must have his day. It is better to give it to him while health is unbroken, while strength is not lessened, while the heart beats normally, while the nerves are unprostrated.

Were the Sabbath absolutely kept as a resting time the drone would need fewer days. Were our hours of work shorter — or better, not so many in number (an hour cannot be shortened) — the drone would not be so vociferous in his demands. But men and women are much alike. To stop the machine seems impossible. Each of us is an autocar, self-driven along the vista of to-day, at a pace as swift as the engine, heart, and the engineer, will, can make it go. All of us think we can see far, far ahead at the vista's end a gate marked "by and by." There is the spot where we will let the drone become director, we think. Oh, the pity of it! The road from the "now" to the "by and by" is strewn with wrecks; broken machines, frustrated hopes, defeated purposes, unrealized dreams, fatuous ambitions. For one who passes the gate a thousand lie dead along the way.

Give the drone his day. Do less, that you may do more. Waste a few moments every day rather than waste yourself wholly. No matter how full of demands your vocation, say nay to them and have

a vacation. Vacate your office, your shop, your study, your home, yourself. Send self off to the lakes, the sea, the mountains, the woods, the country farmhouse. Give the drone his day.

In the shadow of a great rock lies a man. His rolled-up coat makes his pillow. The morning sun is hot, but he is sheltered in the shadow. Above him, far up above him, float the airships, wingless, untillered, moisture laden, graceful, fleecy, silver-gray, new miracles hourly of divine beauty. They will never fall and dash to death their hapless drivers. Our drone watches, and dreams waking dreams. You pass him with a cheery "Hello!" and stopping ask, "What are you going to do to-day?" The lazy answer, punctuated with a yawn, comes back: "Do? Nothing. Just absolute, unmolested nothing." Then he turns over, crosses his arms on his coat pillow, and lies there in the shadow of the rock. Pass on. Never try to write it. Let it be in memory the unworded poem of "The Day of the Drone."

The face that looked bloodless a month ago has taken on a little of the "done brown" look with which the hand that wields the sun-ray brush is skilled to color the cheek. "Sunburned," you say? Oh, no! That is not poetry, and all that a soul should know when the "day of the drone" has come, and one has gone to the land where "do" is a word

of an unknown language, is the delightful, dreamy, do-less, drowsy dynamic called poetry.

To whomsoever is trying to do the duty of the drone in the "day of the drone," whether by shore of ocean, or lake, or river; whether in woodland glen or in wilderness camp, whether at some "Castle of Indolence" on mountain summit, or in some quiet farmhouse far from the whirl and the honk of the automobile, we say "Requiescas." While the time for doing nothing lasts, do nothing. Be a happy nonentity for a brief summer holiday.

Remember the "day of the drone" and keep it drony. Many a day in the whirling world must be full of care, of intense activity, of manifold worries, of nagging perplexities. You need the "day of the drone" to prepare you for all those. Join the drone army. Its soldiers need never drill. They carry no weapons. All that they need is a shaded nook, a pillow, and a book.

A good, dull, prosy book is the best soporific tablet ever devised. Let politics go. Let the stock market go. Let life's miseries go. Keep your religion calm, sweet, true, but do not let it work too hard. Be a drone, a conscientious drone; but when the hour comes that being a drone becomes a burden, cease. Take yourself and your burden down from skyland Utopia and get into the current of life. In droneland there must be no burdens.

“WHAT DO YOU READ, MY LORD?”

THE question of Polonius to Hamlet is still of interest. Reading is a mind filler. The American morning habit is fixed. Breakfast and a newspaper are inseparable. The breakfast may contribute little to physical resources, but the man who must be in shop, office, mill, store or other fixed toil spot, or on his way there by eight o'clock, must have had breakfast before his start, or his toil machinery will not be in proper order. Likewise the newspaper may not furnish his mind with anything more nourishing than printed bacon and eggs and coffee, but the mind must have it, or there will be a feeling all day that a cog has slipped somewhere in the machine. The trip from the home in the alley or on the palace-lined thoroughfare to the working sections of town can be traced by thrown-down daily papers.

Pass through a tram car, or the car of a suburban railway train, city bound, and glance at the open pages in the hands of the scanners of the downpour of the press storm of any morning. Some eyes are fixed on political cartoons; some on the columns of stock quotations; some on the results of the last day's ball games; some on the editorials. Some

hands are turning pages in a nervous way. Before your eye is a picture of American reading life. Retrace your steps. Ask each reader the question from Hamlet and you may receive about the answer of Hamlet: “Words, words, words.” They answer truly when to your question men reply: “Nothing. The paper contains nothing.”

Once in a half century there is a Titanic disaster; once or twice a Chicago fire; not oftener a San Francisco horror. The rest of life's daily happenings are only so many words. Great sheets of printed paper, and nothing making a mark on life. Papers enough are thrown away between New Orleans and Portland, Atlanta and Chicago, San Francisco and Halifax, every morning to blanket acres of prairie land, and the sum total of real impressions made on our national life could be put into the mow of a western farmer's barn.

The man who yesterday was planning to secure at all hazards the presidential plum for a first, or second, or third time goes right on planning to-day, affected in no way by his morning paper. The stock jobber cudgels his almost worn-out brain to find new schemes by which to infuse new life into a dead-and-dreary stock market. The typewriter girls and underpaid clerks of both sexes flit, shuttle-like, from home to toil and from toil to what night may bring — excitement, pleasure, ennui, or sin.

What reading they may have done makes no more mark on the surface of their brains than the touch of a fly's foot on a window pane.

Is it any wonder that, as a people that prides itself on knowing so much, we really know so little? We are not speaking of the scholars, the scientific men, the specialists, who, as a whole, are few measured against our one hundred millions of people, but of the everyday man and woman who plunge along from breakfast to bedtime without adding one new idea to their stock, be it great or small. What have all these read in the last three hundred and sixty-five days? Nothing. Who is the better for what they have read? No one. What great upward impulse has national life, or even private home life, received from the output of the American daily press to-day? None. What sort of crop will to-morrow reap from the sowing of nothing on the soil of life to-day?

There has never been such an epoch of opportunity in the history of the world as is this of to-day. Peking and New York shake hands every morning. London and San Francisco say good night to each other with each sundown. The north pole and the south pole have nodded in recognition of acquaintance with each other after an eternity of isolation. The air talks to men and they hear the sound. There is not a place on earth where a man can hide. The heavens have revealed depths so remote that the

figures which tell the story are beyond our comprehension. And “yet there is no open vision.”

The pygmy financier spends himself making money and spending it in sums that make the rank and file of life stare and swear. Political parties look this way and that for men — colossal men, Abraham Lincoln men, Thomas Jefferson men, Daniel Webster men, Wendell Phillips men, William Wirt men, Henry Ward Beecher men, Horace Greeley men, Joseph Medill men, and cannot find them. In a newspaper age, in an every-man-reads age, where some curious Polonius asks, “What do you read, my lord?” our great lord, the multitudinous, breakfast-time reading public answers: “Words, words, words”; words unsuggestive of ideas — words jumbled together by the hundred thousand by Swiftquill, the reporter, that bear no uplifting message to a soul; words that run into deeply worn brain paths that lead to nothing.

The magazines are scarcely better. If they are strong, edited by men with a message of uplift for life and with purpose and power to give it utterance, they yet lie by the ton on the news stands at the end of a month unsold. They must be filled with sporting stories, with baseball attractions, with pictures of the Muggsys and Connies and Honuses who control “the diamond.” There is good literature on the news stands, but its cost condemns it when put

in competition with the Sunday morning offering of the great dailies. The before-quoted proverb, "Reading makes a full man," must be changed to read, "Newspaper reading makes a fool man." The "Daily Evening Squib," sold before ten o'clock in the morning, forces from the news stands by sheer "fizzical" energy "The Atlantic Monthly," which was once the mouthpiece of Thoreau and Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes and Alcott and Emerson.

The shops of booksellers have shelves filled with the treasures of the ages, but in the windows given to advertising are novels, novels, novels. Melodrama long ago drove the essay to the last place in the corner by the rear wall of the bookshop. Look over the shoulder of the pretty girl in the chair next you in the parlor car. You will find her reading "The Prodigal Judge." Who ever saw even a college girl reading "Sartor Resartus" or "The Diamond Necklace" on a railway train? Perhaps the title of "Diamond Necklace" might captivate her, but the reading of two pages of Carlyle's masterly vigor would condemn humor and satire and history to the limbo of the ash barrel. If the boy and girl readers of to-day become the fathers and mothers of to-morrow, what will their children read? Will they follow in the path of "Lydia Languish" and hide their books from the vigilant scrutiny of the Argus-eyed aunt when she appears? Abraham

Lincoln was made on the dirt floor of a log cabin by three great books — the Bible, Shakspeare, and Blackstone. Are America's future Lincolns being so made to-day?

The hour has struck for a new renaissance — a reading renaissance. Will the bell stroke be heard by America's reading millions?

We heard the question asked recently: “Why was there no ‘dark horse’ run in the race for the presidential nominations?” The answer came without hesitation: “There are no ‘dark horses.’” Is it true? Have our “simple great ones gone forever and ever by?” What has produced the dearth? We have given the answer already. As a nation reads, so are its deeds, and we have become a people whose only reading is “words, words, words.”

ON HALLOWED GROUND

EAST NORTHFIELD is worth the cost of reaching it. The white houses, the green blinds, the spreading elms, the robust, stocky maples, the dark-green pines, the encircling hills, the distant Green Mountains, the hermit thrush, the flashing bobolink, the swinging oriole, all are abundant compensation for the journey hither. On Round Top, under a slender and low-foliaged birch, we sit in reverent silence. Only a few feet away is the spot where the body of one of earth's great men was laid, not many years ago. A few hundred feet farther, along the highway, stands the house where the sleeper was born. The farm that was his home rolls away behind the house in lowland and upland, and one of its rollings is the mound, pine-shaded, maple-shaded, where Dwight Lyman Moody once was wont to speak "all the words of this Life" to men. There a stone now proclaims that "he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

This is East Northfield. Here was born a man who had through all his life an unfaltering and unwavering trust in God. Here through the school year live four hundred and fifty girls, in an atmosphere surcharged with the memory of a man who

had unfaltering, unwavering trust in God. The conferences held here are spiritually unique. There is no higher criticism here; there are no vagaries. It is the place of a book, of an old book, of a God-given book. The atmosphere is one of spiritual religion. And perhaps the secret which differentiates this place from all others is the small green knoll where a gray stone stands in mute memorial of the man who was born here more than seventy years ago; who, while he lived, had unwavering and unfaltering trust in God, and who, being dead, yet abideth forever.

OUT OF THE CITY

Out of the city: out of the hot, baking city. Out from between the rows of houses, brick and stone, whose walls pour forth upon the sweltering passer the heat which the sun has poured into them all day. Out from the noise, the soul-racking noise, of the trolley car; out from the heavy clatter of heavy carts rumbling over cobblestone pavements; out from the jostling crowd, and the odors that steam from open doors of noisy restaurants. Out from all this to the wide-open country; out under the trees, under the sky, into the air, and to some resting-spot on God's green turf. Out to an open porch across which the coolest of breezes blow, while the great forest trees, swaying in the wind, tell tales of rustic happiness which only one who knows tree language can understand.

There are dreams on the porch. Life sat there one yesterday, not long ago, breathing deep draughts of health and peace, and the dreams came crowding: dreams of the old countryside and the vanished years; of the long lane that led from the farmyard down to the woods, and through them to the north pasture where the cows fed by day, or stood knee-deep in the pools of the brook, or slept under the

spreading elms. There was the shepherd dog again trotting before, now chasing a wren and now a weasel, barking in glee at his sport, until the gate into the pasture behind the woods was opened, and he was told to go and bring the cows, while the barefooted boy sat on the top of the stone wall and watched the chipmunks until the collie brought the kine. Then came the long trudge back home again, shortened by the evening song of the red-breasted thrush. There, too, were the woodchucks out on the hillside nibbling the clover as the sun went down. And oh, those bobolinks! swift-flashing poems of the meadow-land, swinging in rhythm, dropping melody from the tops of the tall timothy. There was the rye just ready to be cut. There were the long rows of corn that the hot days of early July were making shoot up to blossom and tassel as if by magic. Then when the cows were milked and the "chores" were done, there was the river, cool, deep, clear, as it lay in eddies under the banks; or sparkling, laughing at itself as it broke to spray over the reefs, the shaly out-cropping rocks that vainly tried to bar the way.

There was the plunge into the old swimming-hole. And when the moon was full, and its silvery light danced in the rippling water, there was the long pull over the stretch of water below the falls. Sometimes there were other boats, and from the little flotilla

went out songs and laughter that was light and gleeful from the hearts of care-free girls, and one boy at least knew where there were bright eyes and a rosy face. Ah, those eyes, those faces! They have vanished long ago, and those years are far away.

Filled with such reveries, life sat out on the porch in the cool green country. It did not sit alone. Its mysterious other part, that men call the soul, was life's companion, and though they said no word that other ears could hear, they held a converse that filled them both with peace. And the breezes of the summer night, laden now with laughter and now with jest and now with thought more sober and sedate, went by. Soul spoke at last to life. "Life, oh, Life, my dear companion, the pity that all this must end! To-morrow you must go back into the crowded streets, into the heat and bustle and turmoil of the world."

But life made answer: "Peace, oh, soul! Let us not complain. Some day, by and by, we shall go out together into the great beyond, out of the stress of the world with its cares, out of the earth filled with the griefs of the ages, out of strife, out of hate, out of unrest, over the river into the great beyond. There is the stream, clear as crystal, flowing out from the throne of God. There is the tree of life. There is the great company which no man can number.

There is no sun there by day, nor any heat, for the Lamb of God is the light of the city, and the nations of the saved walk in the peace and the beauty and the glory."

Then answered the soul: "Yes, that is true. There are a few more days of toil, of burden, of trouble and of care, and then eternal peace."

CUT BACK

“SERMONS in stones; books in the running brooks”; teachers in trees. Twelve of these teachers in a row on one short city block. Apostolic number; and the first in the row a veritable apostle among trees. Battle-scarred veteran is he. The gypsy moth has attacked him year after year, and borers which no tree-doctor’s knife has removed have eaten away at his bole and left him but little strength wherewith to stand. He and his comrades have suffered discipline of late. The tree specialist passed along last winter, lopping off branches in what seemed reckless, ignorant wastefulness. The row of trees stood cropped, clipped, cut back, looking like stumps with a few stiff sticks protruding from their tops. “They will be all right when summer comes,” said the specialist.

The battle-scarred warrior at the corner was an unsightly object. His wrecked bole was filled with cement; his branches were cut back, leaving two fork-tine limbs above the stump, two branches on one, one on the other. The eye could see no twigs, no bud-holding axils where new growth might come.

March came with its bluster; April with its wooing moisture; leafy May; and lo! along the

block is a row of shapely tops, covered with fluttering poplar and aspen foliage that hides the ugly awkwardness left by the knife. Round, graceful, green, those trees are saying to every passer: "He knew. The man who gave us saw and knife and limitations and wrecked symmetry knew; and we rejoice."

As for the old tree at the corner, his returning comeliness is a matter for another summer. But he has buckled to with the vigor left him, and at every spot where life had left him half a chance, he, too, rejoices in his fluttering leaves. And in their leafy voice a message comes to the listener.

"You call life hard, do you? You lament because you are growing old? You grieve because the storms have twisted you, and the winds have broken your branches, and the gypsy moth has eaten at your freshness and beauty, and the borer has weakened your strong stand in the midst of surrounding life? You cry out because the Power with the pruning knife has cut you back? Look at me! I, too, thought once that everything was against me. But day has broken again, even for me. Life returns with a fresher bloom, even to me. The stars from far away let fall their shimmering light, for me. Fanned by the breezes, kissed by the sunbeams, given to drink from those ever-full ewers, the clouds, my spirit longs to mount up on wings like the eagle that rises from the pine on the mountain crest."

As the leafy voice dies, the sweep of thought goes rushing on the track of the tree's lesson. Can life be all springtime? Can growth go on unchecked forever? Must it be that for us no lightnings shall flash in the sky, no thunders roll? Must pains never rack, because, forsooth, we like them not? Must the pruning knife never touch us? When we make growth that is too lush, that develops along one line alone, leaving other parts in our complex selves puny, weak, crippled, shall not the knife that cuts us back send its sharp pain into our hearts? He who is eternal, Creator and Ruler of a universe of whose immensity we as yet have but a hint, still finds time to watch the little twig upon the individual life tree, and cuts it back if it shows signs of growing as it should not.

If there is life in the root, to cut back is only a challenge to a contest in which victory means renewed beauty. Over the life of George Matheson, when his "flickering torch" was yielded back to God, one might have written "Hopeless — cut back — ruined." But for George Matheson, cutting back was only the process by which he was made a shapely tree whose fluttering leaves have rejoiced the world. To real, throbbing life, God's disciplines, trials, privations, limitations, disappointments, are only preparations for a something of which it had not dreamed before.

Who knows what the old, cut-back tree will do? Who knows what the cut-back life can do? "Who knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him?" God is the pruner. He knows how and when and where to cut. Life may have its winter. It will also have its spring. And the life that has been most cut back may in its summer be covered over with fluttering leaves of graces, beauties, lovelinesses, which but for the prunings would never have been seen.

THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF

SURPRISE was surpassed only by wonder. We had lost our way on a mountain tramp. At an unmarked point where the broad woods path parted like the top of a "Y" we turned the wrong way, and after a half hour found ourselves in a broad, dusty wagon road. There was no hint here that we were not tramping toward our destination, and to follow the road was easy. Through shaded vistas the yellow ribbon of road went, sometimes straight, sometimes tortuous, but always beautiful. An hour brought the end, for the road made a loop and wound back upon itself. To continue walking was to retrace our steps.

A wide smooth rock sloped gently up from one side of the road and ended abruptly in a sharp line against the distant sky. The impulse to walk up that slope and lie flat on our backs in the morning sun was too strong to resist, and we followed the bent of impulse. Slowly we went up the slope, ten rods perhaps, twenty it may be, and then came the surprise which passed swiftly into all soul-filling wonder.

What had seemed like a line against a far-off sky was the edge of a cliff. Sheer down went the line

of vision, a hundred feet, two hundred, five hundred, a thousand, to the valley below. An ocean of green lay there in forests sweeping away until forest ceased and meadow began, and the broad landscape stretched on and up toward other woodlands covering the declivities of far-off hills. Through the valley, now gleaming in the sunlight, now hidden by its own high banks, ran a stream, unbroken by a fall. Smoke columns rising straight toward the sky, or curling in spirals as the wind currents caught them, told the story of farmhouses hidden by copses, and of a weary, long-houred workaday life of which the bulk of the city world knows nothing.

Far away to the right loomed the masses of the Hudson river highlands. Through one gap in the distant environment glimmered a silvery sheen made by the waters of the great river of old Hendrik Hudson. Giving the eye farther sweep to the right brought into view the New Jersey uplands. Behind, directly behind, the gaze overlooked the forest through which we had passed and caught the view of distant ridges, piled ridge on ridge, ever higher and higher against the sky.

We were the central figure of a world before unknown. No place that for covered head. The dominance of divine power was irresistible. One great sentence from life's commonplace book went reverberating from brain to heart, from heart to soul,

and so out into the vast outspread infinities: "Be still and know that I am God." How can a human soul come thus face to face with the All Soul of eternity and not be bent in reverential awe? The vast is so vast. How strange that through the little wicket gate of vision a scene surrounding one on every side for fifty miles can pass into a human soul.

One who thinks can begin to realize why God is mindful of man. God's handiwork! How great it is! Yet it cannot comprehend man. It cannot in an instant enfold him, grasp him, measure him, remember him. But man at the center of his mountain-rimmed circle, a hundred miles across from edge to edge, turns slowly around and has the picture painted within him somewhere in colors that will never pale, and behind it all feels, what nothing else earthly can feel, the presence of God.

On the edge of the cliff we seat ourselves to think. Did Jesus sit on such a spot as this when he saw all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them? Was the great temptation only spiritual? What did the Carpenter of Nazareth know of the kingdoms of the world? Had he in boyhood climbed the heights of northern Palestine and seen entranced the hills and valleys of his native land? Had he beheld the long line of Jordan as it poured out from the Sea of Galilee and wound a way to its abnegation in the Sea of Sodom? Had he gazed far west at the Medi-

terranean over which the triremes of the world had passed when Greece fought Troy and Rome fought Carthage and its green waters were incarnadined by war? From the memory of such heights did there come to him visions, spiritual visions, of what it would mean to be the lord of the kingdoms of the world?

That must have been a real temptation. Nazareth was limited. Poverty was grinding. His mother's words as to his destiny were always in his soul. The voice at the Jordan had named him "Son of God." Why live the limited life, endure the grinding wretchedness? Why not make his own destiny and make it now? If Son of God, why not be Son of God with power? Was the edge of the cliff thus danger-fraught to him? There is no record as to how in all this he suffered, except that it was temptation, and we know that when temptation is temptation it means suffering if we resist. But oh, the Man he was! "Get thee hence." That is the record, and the edge of the cliff became to him only a memory.

Thought takes another turn as we look at the ragged confusion of broken rocks. Some lie far down the perpendicular wall, heaped round its base. Some are caught in fissures lower down than we are sitting, yet high above the mountain's foot. On the great flat surface are striations that the scientific

man says were made by grinding ice floes in remote ages. Climb down the cliff in spots where you may amid the strata piled layer on layer, and now and then a gap between two layers, so wide at the face of the rock that one may crawl in as into the opening of a cave. But this is no gateway to hidden mysteries. Twenty feet in, the top and bottom edges of the two layers touch, showing that once they lay as parallel rocks. What tilted one and left the other? What uplifted this mighty mountain mass two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and from how many thousand feet below, who knows?

Once more breathing through the stunted yellow pines comes the voice on the morning breeze: "Be still, and know that I am God." Our soul answers: "We hear; we obey." On the edge of the cliff is written in an alphabet which only devout reverence can read: "God hath made all things by the word of his power." What are our little years, our little centuries, our little longest ages? Nothing. Moses was right. "A thousand years as yesterday." What is our little world, our little solar system, our little universe to Him whose being, whose domain has neither a beginning nor an end? Nothing. Out into the infinite goes our soul as we sit on the edge of the cliff. A speck, we; that is all. But the speck, because made in his image, can follow from this rock fastness, this trace of his footprints in the vanished

eternities, to that spot hid from all earthly gaze where he reveals himself in love, even into the secret chamber of our own soul.

We rise from the edge of the cliff and turn backward with the words of the One Hundred and Third Psalm ringing all through our being because of the lost trail and the new vision of the glory of God's world.

MOUNTAIN TO SHORE

“*FACILIS descensus*” — so the Roman poet wrote ages ago. That was true in nature, science, and morals then, and is still. A brakeless vehicle on a mountain road has more than once found itself breakable. Memory tells us of a bicycle and its rider, sound and safe at the top of a hill on a country road, smashed and bruised at the bottom of the hill — the very *Avernus* of a hill. The aeroplanist is learning the lesson, but multitudes of victims to untoward, swift descent have not perceptibly lessened the number of pupils in the school of heaven-tempting. Those old Babel men had a safer time in scaling heaven. The run down the grade also from integrity to utter vagabondage and moral brokenness can be, often is, swiftly made.

This is the somber side of the “*facilis descensus*” proposition. There is, however, a brighter one. Coasting on snow crust in the winter, with good company, in well-manned, well-steered sleds, is as good as an automobile joy ride, and going down from high points of vision to the green pastures and still waters of valleys far below is full of delight as stage or touring car takes one smoothly from elevated laziness to the calling activities of a busy world.

So our descent from mountain to shore on a recent day was easy, not, indeed, to an Avernus, but to a waiting pulpit in a city by the sea. In the morning we were eighteen hundred feet above tidewater. Twenty miles over to the northwest towered the crests of Rip Van Winkle's mountain bedroom. Between eye and mountain summit stretched the waveless ocean of green tops. Filling the lungs was the dustless, smokeless air. If such air were a liquid it would be for drinking the elixir of life. At night we were where the mountain streams which come out of hundreds of thousands of springs had found their last level in the wide rolling ocean. In the harbor were riding the hulks of ships from every part of the world. Along the coast line, east and south for hundreds of miles, were sprinkled the cottages and villas of multitudes seeking rest and escape from the torrid stretches of city avenues in the heated July days.

Eighteen hundred feet down, but every drop of one hundred feet meant a rise of a half degree in the crystal tube where the mercury rises and falls; the telltale column by which the sweltering thousands in summer, the freezing thousands in winter, gauge their comfort or discomfort, their happiness or misery. Altitude down, temperature up. Seventy-nine degrees Fahrenheit in the mountains in the morning; ninety-two degrees at the shore when at

night we have reached it. The transit was easy. That was only a matter of horses and carriage wheels, of a locomotive and car wheels, but to balance the difference between seventy-nine and ninety-two was a different matter.

To meet and keep a promise takes us down from mountain to shore. Moralists have said in varying form that the mere doing of duty is abundant and sufficient satisfaction to a soul. To keep a promise is to perform a duty, and one who does so virtuous a thing should, according to the moralist, be supremely happy. But we confess that eighteen hundred feet down and thirteen degrees up seemed a big price to pay for the fulfillment of duty, and as we realized, through the sleepless hours of that first night by the shore, how hot a hot night can be when the memory of the coolness of the night before in the mountains is fresh we shook our doubled fist at duty and cried in true Hamletian way: "Avaunt! and quit my sight."

This little holiday, vacation day experience belongs to the natural world and is inevitable. One must go down from idleness on the heights to the stern activities of the lowlands. Toil, stress, heat, duty, are all in the day's work, and he is indeed blessed who with steady hand and unceasing purpose does his day's work. There are fifty millions like him, as far as the call and the labor are concerned.

The safety and perpetuity of the republic lie in the fact that half at least of those millions do with steady joy change the mountain for the shore day after day.

There are millions with whom patriotism is a larger word than personality. 'Tis "Heigh ho, the wind and the rain" with the best bulk of American life. We will take what comes when it comes. If it is up to-day to ecstatic altitudes, good. Let the voice of ecstasy ring clear. If it is down to-morrow to heat-burned, murk-filled shore depressions, good. Let the hand of earnestness tug at the toughest toil till triumph comes. Only the craven yield to stress. Only the pampered submit to life's discomforts. The normal life takes what the day brings. The abnormal man moons over memories — a sentimentalist who does not comprehend how sentiment may be a spur to drive one faster toward a distant goal, but that sentimentality is only a mushroom mooning. The value of the mountain is its inspiration for the hour of coping with the shore.

The passers on the way of life make two mighty counter currents. One is a tide rising slowly up and up, bearing its freightage of individuality to heights of success, of wealth, of knowledge, of power, of self-conquest, and therefore of real ability to enjoy. The other is a stream moving steadily toward the ocean. Sometimes dashing down precipices victims

of self-ruin, sometimes whirling in eddies the débris of life, sometimes bearing along on its strong, even bosom purposeful energy returning to the rock and roll and sweep of the vast multitudinous life of the lowlands. Humanity going up; humanity going down. That is the story. From shore to mountain, when the hour for rest and recreation comes. From mountain to shore when duty calls, or work must be done, or a hand is wanted to underwrite life's ventures, or a voice is needed to sound with eloquence truth's propaganda.

A life all mountain would be inane. A life all shore would land the world in a lunatic asylum. All anything is a misfortune. The Eskimo is an all high latitude man of heavy motion, of dull intellect, of narrow ideas, of few ideals. The tropical African is a baked man, a browned man, with charred brains and seared conscience and crinkled wits. The bleached man of the temperate zones, the man whose blood and passions are cooled, but yet who mingles in himself the least that is bad and the most that is good of hot and cold climates, is the one who has done the work of the world.

Of course in this as in all things there are exceptions to the rule. But they are exceptions. Shakspeare has but one Othello. France has but one Dumas *père* and one Dumas *fils*. America has not looked for her soldiers, poets, orators, statesmen, to

the Arctic lands, nor to the Latin-American peoples about the southern shores of the Mexican gulf. We can play for a summer's day among icebergs, or for a winter hour under the palm trees; but for the work that counts, look to the peoples whose life in temperate regions carries them backward and forward between shore and mountain, and mountain and shore.

PENDULUMS

THE vast golden ball, time marker for unknown ages to vanished myriads of men, hangs low in the haze of the close of the midsummer days above the rolling outline of the hills. It is for the world the pendulum of the clock of infinite years. The watcher across the valleys sees the great orb go farther and ever farther southward down the mountain line as June becomes July, and July August, and August nears September. Sunset is a little earlier each night. Steadily lower and ever lower the pendulum swings, held by a rod invisible, that stretches out across the illimitable infinite to the grasping hand of God. Down it goes, carrying day away from us to the dwellers in another hemisphere, leaving for us the long winter nights, making us wrap in furs, making us set all the fires ablaze, making us count the days until the winter solstice comes and the swing southward over the mighty arc of space is ended.

That long swing has added a half year to our lives. What mighty changes have come in the world while the celestial pendulum has last swung twice across its arc! An old empire dies. An old dynasty perishes. An old custom disappears. An emperor

passes away whose single life has directed more changes in his nation's life than had occurred, all combined, in a millennium. A new political party is created. The cross of Christ becomes more potent because of the lengthening of its shadow in Oriental lands. The sound of the events of the year, when all sounds are combined, is only one more tick of the clock of the ages that marks the steady oncoming of the rule of Jehovah over the world.

So, as we watch the sunset this August night, we think of the steady certainty of the elemental conditions that make for purity and peace and power.

There is a faint crescent just above the rim of the mountains to-night. It is the new moon. The thread of gold that marks the whole sphere, the thread reflected from the mirroring atmosphere of earth, is the prophecy of the full round of glory that will shine in a fortnight above the rim of the mountains to the east beyond the river. Across from west to east swings the moon. Downward, upward, from north to south and returning, oscillates the sun god. Only a month for the full forward and backward swing of the one; a whole year for the other.

But the months of the month-maker, the moon (we should by right call it a "moonth"), are wonderful. June and early July bring the days of earth's laurel glory. These white gleaming wood spirits are themselves a pendulum. They float in, wafted

along by the morning and evening breeze of the mountains, called to radiance by the kiss of the warm sunlight, filtering down through o'erclouding foliage, and having poured their fragrance on the air for a time all too short, vanish. Whither? Perhaps through Homer's "horn gate of dreams." For dreams they are, matchless in beauty, simplicity and reality. Spirits of the mountains; caught by the sunlight and held captive until they have paid their tribute of beauty to the treasury of time. In and out, in and out, year after year, in dell, in glade, on rock-ridged banks of mountain lakes, in spots where no eye ever sees, they come and go; year after year spirits unstained by earth's contaminations.

But the moon pendulum is no niggard in its dispensation of loveliness. Go out along the cliffs that overhang the valley on the east. You are above the tree tops now. Away the green sea of tree-top verdure spreads, filling one with longing for wing or foot, like bird or squirrel, to go flying, leaping from green tip to green tip, in wild happiness and perfect safety. When the story of the laurel has faded, the wonder of the tree-top sea begins. Over it suddenly is spread a silvery-yellow beauty, as if some goddess of the Titan age had cast a web of rare embroidery. Chestnut blossoms, of color indescribable, flame, flash in the light like dancing torches as the wind tosses the branches. Between the spots of mellow

light the dark, lush green of pine and oak and the tapering points of dark old firs. One must be on the mountain top to see this wonderful display. To look up from below is idle, unless one then gets up. It is the man with the alpenstock who sees the most divine beauties, earthly or spiritual, and never he with the muckrake.

But the chestnut blossoms are pendulumic. They slip away as did the laurel wood nymphs. They slip away to bur and frost and chestnuts dropping, to bare limbs and winter iciness, while down below the earth the toiling roots rest in the grip of Boreas, the frost maker. Not dead. Oh, no! Resting. The moon will come and the moon will go, and one day she will wake them, and then there will be activity in the underground workshop. New colors for the decorations of a new year will be ground, and the tiny rootlet artists will spread them with infinite skill on new stem, new leaf, new blossom, and once more the joyful heart of man will cry out to the Maker of all: "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness and Thy paths drop fatness."

Walk over the mountain where the fire of the incendiary swept from foot to brow three years ago. It was a wonderful, terror-giving, heart-grieving, awe-inspiring sight. Beautiful, "with verdure clad," at night. Desolation enthroned on the mountain summit, hateful, appalling, when morning dawned.

Man can ruin, but such ruin man cannot repair. But the pendulums of the years swing steadily. Summer solstice, winter solstice, thrice repeated; August moon and its sequent sisters, year after year and year again — and lo! a garment of green has overspread the desolation. And the tinting blue everywhere like the blue of heaven — is that reflected from the clouds? No! That is the color of the fruit of the year. Blueberries, ripe, luscious, inviting. The blue has come in with the August moon, and like the white of the radiant laurel and the yellow of the graceful chestnut bloom, it will follow the moon, swinging away across the arc of the season into eternity.

With October will come the glory of the year. Time's swing is unerring. Once a twelvemonth regularly, through all ages past, through all ages to come, it has cried, it will cry: "See what I can do in death. I gave the fresh green beauty of the spring, the superb loveliness of the bloom of summer, now I will give the divine carnival of color, such as only the hand of God can paint." And maple and ash and oak and birch become the canvases at which an entranced humanity gazes in delight. And all the while amid the beauty of the dying glory of the year stand the dark pine and spruce and fir, unchanged, holding their wonderful coloring year after year the same, prophecy of an endless life.

For us the pendulum has ticked off the melody of the recurring years, has made us hear the notation of the anthem of our earthly paradise. Do you remember what William Morris wrote? It is the synthesis of our picture of the year:

Folk say a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas time such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While all unheard, yet in its wonted way,
Piped the shrill wind of that December day.

GRACE

GRACE is the conqueror of the world. Nothing is more beautiful in nature than that which possesses grace. The trees have it. We could never weary of watching the elms that overarch the streets of the New England town. Each new puff of wind sways them in various ways, entrancing because always changing and always lovely. The falling of a veil of water down the rocks of a mountain stream is graceful, with a grace differing from that of the trees, for it sings the sweetest of songs. The great birds sailing in wide circles high over the lakes or streams of our Adirondack lands are aerial weavers of invisible webs of graceful lines, and the eye of the beholder, never tiring, sweeps round and round with the birds. Deer, squirrel, trout in pool, swan on lake, vie with each other all unwittingly in their appeals to the human love of grace. A thousand things about us everywhere, animate and inanimate, have the wondrous quality. Blessed is the eye that sees it; thrice blessed is the heart that, noting it, thanks God.

It is almost singular that this word which is so perfectly descriptive of all things lovely in the world should also be the word to name the most beautiful

manifestation of God. Grace is Paul's great word for the richness and fullness which he had found in Christ; universal thought ascribes it equally to God. "Grace in God." "The grace of God." What is it? Ah, what is it not! It is love, and peace, and justice, and goodness, and mercy overflowing ever. It is the quality in God of which we can think and rejoice because it is beautiful. To get an idea of the love of God, we turn to ourselves; thinking we know what love is, we make it infinite, and call it the love of God. To get an idea of divine justice, we have to go to our own courts; we form ideas of what perfect human justice is, and make them infinite, calling that which we create in thought the justice of God. But not so with his grace. We do not have to turn to ourselves for that, for it is everywhere and in everything in nature. The quality which goes to make the most graceful thing your eyes have ever seen is in the character of God. His grace of character is like that of the waving elm, the falling water, the sailing bird, the feeding deer, the perfectly poised statue, the steady-moving steamer, the wonderful tones that swell from great organs, the hallowed light that fills with peace the kneeling worshiper in the cathedral cloister. All these things are in the character of God. God is infinitely beautiful; beautiful to contemplate, beautiful to worship, beautiful to praise. The grace of God

is upon us every day. The beauty of the Lord our God is upon us. Let us worship him in the grace which makes him beautiful in his holiness.

Let our thanks rise. Let our hearts sing. Let our lips praise. Let our knees bend. Let our hands clasp. Let our voices hail him. Grace is ours. Beauty is ours. By grace are we saved. By the beauty of the character of God are we saved.

THE ESSENTIAL CREED

THERE is nothing easier than to decry creed. There is nothing more impossible than to live without one. The very denial of creed is the expression of it. "I do not believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God" is the strongest sort of statement of belief that the whole Christian position is wrong. It is saying essentially: "I believe that Jesus Christ was a mistaken enthusiast who sacrificed a life of usefulness to an absurd whim, or else he was an impostor." The denial of creed positive is the assertion of creed negative.

Negation must end in nescience. A positive philosophy of life, resting on the utterance of Simon Peter, "Thou art the Christ," is better than denial which with a breath sweeps away the foundations of faith and substitutes nothing but vapid platitudes about a "creedless love" and other word-combinations that mean nothing. "A creedless love." Was it that which sent Paul like a winged wheel through the world? Was it that which turned Peter back to Rome to die, if need be, for the Christ? Was it that which made John Calvin the strongest bulwark of human liberty that the world has ever

known? Was it that which made the band of exiles of 1620 moor their bark on a wild, inhospitable shore? The power that has done more than all combined forces in the universe to destroy the spirit of clan among men is the faith that, pure and unhampered, has believed in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, the only equalizer and unifier of men.

Creedless love, were such a thing possible, would make one more cult to be added to the many of the world, but different from almost any in the world in that it would be spineless. No spiritual osteopath could work to cure the ills by which such a cult might be vexed, because he would not be able to find a backbone in the whole anatomy of such a body. A creedless love can produce nothing stalwart. It has never sent a Paton into the islands of the South Sea, nor a Grenfell to battle with the rigors and terrors of Labrador, nor a Chinese Gordon to give his life for the redemption of an alien people from oppression.

The creed which counts is faith in God as Father of our spirits, through Jesus Christ the Saviour of our souls. Life needs escape from sin; the way of escape is faith in God. Saul found it at Damascus, and the power of it in another at Paphos changed him from Saul of Tarsus into Paul of everywhere. It was good for that old Roman governor Paulus of

Cyprus to believe because of the sight of the power of God. It is far better for us to believe, because of love, not, indeed, that which is creedless, but that which is for him who died to save us from our sins.

LIFE

LIFE is a mystery. Its springs are hidden in the secret chambers of God. Along what channel it emerges to action knows no human soul. By what path it retreats into invisibility is equally unrevealed. Its action is always the same, whether the means of its manifestation be the tiniest infusorial shell or the noblest exhibition of manhood. The life principle is one. Its negative we call death, and of it also we know nothing. No pen has ever defined life or death.

The life is not the soul, though the Greeks used a single word for both concepts. The body dies; its life goes out. Soul and spirit live on unquenchable, not because they are the life, but because they and life are inseparable. Why does the body die? Why does a tree die? Is there a difference between the life of man and that of the tree? Is there a physical life essentially other than the spiritual life? Is animal life physical only? Has beast or bug only the same sort of life as the tree? When a man dies shall he live again? What dies? What goes when death comes? No eye sees either. "Bury me if you can catch me," said Socrates.

Pondering life we are like children on the shore of

the ocean, asking the age-long question of Paul Dombey. No eye has seen life, no ear heard its voice, no hand touched its form. And yet, like light, it surges about us multitudinously.

Our lives in the religious view are twofold, inner and outer. The inner life in reality makes the outer, if, as Jesus says, the heart is the source of all actions. Does the outer life react? Does its influence pass inward to corrupt, or to ennoble, the inner springs of action?

There are only two beings in the universe that know what any life is. One is the Ego in whom it is; the other is God. The tide of life ebbs and flows every day. It is an ocean whose shores have never been seen. Lives, as we call them, are its drops, and some are crystal clear, and some are muddy, and some are sweet, and others brackish, and others still, bitter and poison-filled; but the whole vast ocean is in God's all-holding power.

The springs of the inner life should be pure. Only so will the outer life be true. But will the flow of the outer life be always pure if it flows from a pure spring? Will not streams from impure life around it flow into it and contaminate? Only in coloring its external activities. A spot may drop on the garment you wear, but it will not stain your soul.

How comes real life to a soul? The answer has

never been written. Into the life of the world comes a human soul. Whence? No answer. How? No answer. So into the life that is eternal enters the spiritual being, we know not whence nor how. From a far country comes the wanderer. Dead yesterday, alive to-day. Lost yesterday, found to-day. So real life begins.

Can the inner life fail? Not while it flows from the spring which is Christ.

Will the outer life belie it? Not while Jesus remains true to his own achieved salvation.

Is life a vapor? No. It is the aroma of a being pervaded with Christ.

HENRY M. STANLEY, D.C.L.

THE great explorer is dead. He was only sixty-three years old; but "whatsoever a man soweth" is true in the life of the explorer. Henry M. Stanley sowed hardship, exposure, nights in trenches, days on marches, labors herculean in the face of the hot breath of death-laden winds in tropic lands; sowed them over the whole area of his endowment and capacity before he was thirty-two, and the crop ripened and was reaped in a short life. But no man would have had the work that Stanley did left undone that thereby his earthly years might have been prolonged. For Stanley, sixty-three years was a long, long life; for life is measured not by years but by its dynamic outcome.

Heart of oak, hand of Jove, eye of the eagle — that was Henry M. Stanley. Armed with the three characteristics essential to success — intrepidity, persistence, watchfulness — he went into the Dark Continent, crossed it, laid it open to the world, let heaven's light in on it, made bare its horrors, took away many of its terrors, aroused England against the enormity of the slave trade, made possible the foundation of the Congo Free State, did the first

things toward making it by and by a garden of the Lord. He was a mighty explorer.

People say he had passed into obscurity in later years; that he had been left behind by the rushing world. Perhaps it is true, but we do not believe he thought of the fact often. He had done his work. To reach the heart of the Dark Continent was his goal and his reward. He found David Livingstone in those African recesses, and told to the world the story of the Scotch hero who had borne the cross of Christ from the Cape to the Equator. He found and brought out into the sunshine Emin Pasha, the fearless German who was lost to the news-hunter of the world. He added discovery to discovery, and once and again astonished the world. Must a man keep on forever discovering and astonishing, because the gods have hearkened once and again to his prayer?

Now the end has come. He has gone to explore, we had almost said a darker continent than ever his feet had trod before, so unknown to us is the land beyond the "great divide." The sable shadow from the wing of death clouded the approaches; the dark river flowed between him and the fields beyond; he went as always, straight on toward the end of the path his feet were set to walk. He will send no word back. Has he found Livingstone again, and Emin Pasha? We do not know. Henry Morton Stanley is dead.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL

A SMALL man with a great soul. Nights of broken rest are nothing to him. Plunges on his snow-barge over precipices into gulfs of snow are nothing to him. Crawling over ice-bound ways on knees and stomach for two miles to reach a human being in need of help is nothing to him. Small, swarthy, sinewy, smiling, is this Dr. Grenfell. In such lives God gives object lessons in this newest age of the world, instead of moral precepts in a book. "You have read books for a long time," God seems to say, "and have done little; read now some men of mine, and do as they." This is the age of the doers of the Word; among them, the Labrador physician stands preeminent.

Who is this Dr. Grenfell who has swept into the religious life of America like a breeze from the desolate waste of ice-bound Labrador? An English physician, furnished for his profession by the best training London and Oxford can give. A gentleman, who might have lived among the élite; who might have spent his money in balls and parties and suppers to beautiful-featured women gathered out of Parisian pleasure-haunts; who might have given his genius to parading before his fellows as the best dressed

man in his city; who might have raced from Paris to Mentone in a big auto, making both dust and money fly; but who instead heard once a prophet's voice calling on Christian manhood to be something in this world worth while being, to do something in this world worth while doing, and who answered: "Thy servant hears." So is it that he is a physician practicing for no pay; a minister ministering for no money; a "promoter" procuring no profit for self; a skipper sailing along a snow-bound shore. So it is that hospitals have risen where two decades ago they were unknown; so it is that "the Docker" is a name to conjure with for hundreds of miles on Labrador. Great man, this small, plain Englishman, fighting his battle with death and disease and dire need in the storms of an uncharted, iceberg-barriered coast, or in fog and snow and waste and wilderness, back from the shore in the wild, bleak interior, where snow-shoes and dog-train are his only means of travel, and where often his only companions are the high-up, silent stars.

What made all this? The voice of Dwight L. Moody, sinking into this man's heart, years ago. Truly, the prophet being dead yet speaketh.

SAMUEL H. HADLEY

It is hard to realize that he is dead. Why God does such things we would not know if we could. To go about telling God's reasons would be too great a responsibility. Men die; that is the end for all. The bridge across time is shorter for some of us than for others. But that bridge is not piered on earth on one side and left with its other end hanging in mid-air. When we slip off from that other end we do not fall into the river of nothingness, to be swept to an ocean of oblivion. If we have been Christ's here, we step out and off upon the eternal promises of God as to a home prepared for us by the Christ himself. It is thus that Hadley has gone to God. He had been a drunkard; he became a Christian. He had been a gambler; he became a Christian. He was never higher critic; never an apologist for worldliness and wealth-wearing wickedness; he was a Christian. "Oh, my poor bums!" was the cry as he passed. "Who will care for them?" We wish we could have been by to answer: "God!"

S. GROVER CLEVELAND

It has always been difficult to understand that sentiment in Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Julius Caesar which runs:

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

That may have been the way in Rome's Golden Age, but it is not so now. The evil and the good both go on living and working after the doer is dead. But as far as memory goes, the world delights to remember the good that was in or that came out of a life, and it is supremely willing to forget the evil. Pulpit and press say the best things of every man for whom sounds the passing bell. So is it of that great American, Grover Cleveland, one of the remarkable personalities of the present age.

He was a conspicuous illustration of the successful self-made man. Conservative and almost reactionary in intellectual character, he became master of men by the very elements which ordinarily bar the way to power. Sheriff of a county, mayor of a city, governor of a state, president of the republic — those were the successive steps by which he came

to great position and power. In executive administration no one ever charged him with being trickster or demagogue, whiffler or vacillator. His entire conception of government may have been wrong, but he himself believed it to be right, and he gave to it the whole devotion of his soul.

He was never governed by impulse and never sought to dominate the branches of government associated with the executive. He represented that period of the republic which had been dominated by Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. He was an old-time Democrat who believed in the supremacy of the Constitution, and who was utterly opposed to centralization. He was born when Martin Van Buren was President, and came to manhood while the sentiment was being slowly developed in the nation which finally made possible the triumph of the idea that the republic is a nation and not a federation.

He is the last of our old school of ex-presidents. None remains. For twelve years he has watched the trend of affairs in the nation. He has seen both Republican and Democratic parties depart absolutely from the principles on which in the middle years of our national life they have for the most part rested. He has lived in honorable quiet in the state of his birth, respected by all, and loved much by those who were nearest to him. He dies in a time

of transition and unrest. The great issue between the idea for which his life stood and the new ideas which are moving toward some concrete and unified position along socialistic lines is yet to be joined. The great conservative forces of the nation will draw together by and by, and when they do they can look to no more illustrious example of how to stand for truth than is shown by the life of America's one great and absolutely consistent representative of conservative statesmanship, Grover Cleveland.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH
OF A POET

THE death of Richard Watson Gilder removed the last of the school of poets to which he belonged. There were not many of them. Sidney Lanier, Edward Rowland Sill, and Mr. Gilder were the greatest American representatives of a kind of poetry that is charming to read, interesting because of its relation to the working of the artistic mind, and inspiring because of its subtlety. No one can read the poems of Sill without being intellectually quickened. One who comes from communion with Lanier feels he has been in the presence of a cavalier of the noblest sort. Gilder, in a way, was both these. He was perhaps not the equal of either, and yet he surely belongs to the class of which they were the foremost examples.

There can be no greater satisfaction than to turn from the care and turmoil of this tumultuous life of ours to a volume bearing the imprint of either of these men. They are like the stone to the dull knife. They are like warmth to the shivering body. Sometimes they are like cold water to a thirsty soul. But, like the school that preceded them, this school seems to have had its last graduate, and he now has

passed on into the great beyond. The earlier day had notable men: Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant. Each was great, and each is gone. They left none to follow in their footsteps, and a new school arose. What, now, will be the poetry of the future?

Every man, every woman almost, at some time imagines that his tongue has been touched with the coal taken from the altar on which burns the divine fire of poetic genius. But rhythm is not poetry, nor is rhyme. Poetry is imagination, vivid, keen, daring, dressing old thought in new garb, daring to touch old pictures with fresh colors, and willing to fail often if once and again it realizes its own ideal.

Horace was right in that often quoted epigram of his, and yet it is measurably true that that which makes great poetry is long devotion to the best ideals, and constant effort to realize its own unworded dreams. Here and there is a writer who will make a quatrain that charms, or a thought-laden sonnet, but they are few. Sometimes we think the best poetry of the present day is not in rhythmic form at all, and certainly is unrhymed. If the world can once come to recognize that that is real poetry which appeals at once to the imagination, the judgment, and the heart, no matter what may be its form, perhaps we shall at last be rid of much of the floating verse which is sometimes funny, often absurd,

occasionally catches the passing fancy, but which, on the whole, is a travesty.

Who will be the great poet of the coming age? The greatest poetry was produced in the infancy of the race, when men ruled, when life was hard and limited, but when vast ideals, noble ideals, were forming in the souls of men. It is true, perhaps, that this age is too cultured, that it knows too much, that its resources are too great, that the very things which go to make life enjoyable to-day have strangled poetry. We rush after the material, we chase the ever elusive representative of wealth which we call a dollar, rolling away on its milled rim as fast as it can go across the uplands and lowlands of life; while we forget that there are nobler things than that for which wealth stands.

There will be no more great orators until there shall be a great crisis or epoch. There will be great investigators for all that is still to be made plain about the facts of life; but there will be no great preachers until there be a new vast sense of the immanence of God. There will be no great poets until the imagination be freed from its swathing bands and allowed to spread its wings and fly far upward to heights from which it can behold the broad vision of the world.

GOD'S HERO

The last prose article written by Richard S. Holmes

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GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH — of him it is safe to write, as was written of Enoch ages ago: "He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." "Dead," says the rushing world. "Not dead," makes answer a vast host which knows that this man was a spirit and that spirits never die. Greatest general of the last century — this soldier whose weapons were "not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

He is the largest spiritual force in England today. He will live potent when the king on the throne has been dead for a century. Edward VII is to-day only a name for one who was and is not. Victoria exercises no influence on the movements of Great Britain's political life. Embalmed by the redolent perfume of her own gracious life, she is yet only a memory. But William Booth lives. God filled him with a divine fire, that sort of fire which gleams and glows and warms, but does not consume.

No founder of a great religious movement has died, not even when the religions have been pagan. Even the molders of forms of religious monstrosity

wield influence still. Religion is an appeal to the human heart, and the life which can make the life of hundreds of thousands thrill to action at its touch has in it the seed of deathlessness. And when the religious impulse is beyond all question true, its power for good as years unfold is measureless.

William Booth was not the founder of a new religion, but his eye detected an undeveloped power in the masses around him. His hand struck a chord in the harp of his own heart, whose sound was unmatched by any he heard in British life, and he resolved to produce the tone which to his ear was music by striking that unstruck chord in the human life around him. For that he broke with his church; for that he, like his great Master, endured life's cross and bore its shame; for that he became poor, abjectly poor; for that he sought the multitudes in the lowest walks of life, and slowly found a following which he bound to himself by indissoluble bonds. Out of the depths his soul cried out to God, and from the heights, far-up glory heights, at last he praised him. Such men cannot die. John Fowler has never died, nor Huss, nor Luther, nor Calvin, nor Knox, nor Wesley. They cannot. They live because God lives.

Twenty thousand criminals have been reclaimed and restored to usefulness and honesty through agencies General Booth set afoot in the forty-seven

years since 1865. Twenty thousand wrecked, world-despised profligate women have been led back from the depths of degradation into which they had fallen, having slipped and gone headlong on the slimy paths spread by the wickedness of men — led back from the gates of hell into a calm, pure, trustful life in Jesus Christ. That is record enough. Where is there a man in the great Methodist Church which expelled him from its bounds who can offer at the gate of glory, as tale for his life work, forty thousand saved souls?

The church of the United States can do no better thing than pause and ponder. The great general built no magnificent churches. He lifted no heaven-pointing spires, raised no turreted battlements of church walls, emblazoned no magnificent stained glass windows, strove not to satisfy his soul by saying: "I have builded the finest, most costly churches in the United Kingdom and have filled them with millionaires." On the contrary the record of his life is as distinctly made as though it had been printed yesterday in the "London Times": "I have shown the world how great is the power of a combination of real religion and real charity."

General William Booth mastered his life problem because he possessed three masterful qualities of life. He knew he possessed them and they never failed him. These qualities were earnestness, fidelity and

courage. Only the earnest man earns. Circumstance may drop plums into one's lap, but they are no interpretation of life. One may be born heir to vast fortune, but there is no certainty that it will be of service to him or anyone in the world. Fortune dropped no plums for this man. Instead she hurled stones, mud, sticks and offal at him in London streets. He was no money-maker. All above the mere cost of living went for the poor.

But measure his life by his activities. Out on the record of its length and breadth and height will be written these three world-conquering vocables: "Earnestness, fidelity, courage." Prescience was his also. He saw the value of the "army" idea. If England's king had an army, why should not the King of kings have one? The uniform, the flag, the discipline, should be suggestive and complete. The red badge was not a copy of the old red coat of the grenadier, but of the blood of the cross. The test to which he put his soldiers, men and women, was severe. He met it first of all himself. To beat a drum in the crowded thoroughfare, to rattle a tambourine, to sing Salvation Army songs, to harangue a populace curious, hostile, full of ridicule, was not easy. He did it, and was so masterful that he made others do it. So the general lived, loved, wrought, wrote, toiled, triumphed.

There are those who will say: "He was arbitrary,

imperious, dictatorial." So he was, but never capricious. He did what the world called unlovely things, but they were the workings of the stern discipline to which the old soldier had subjected his own soul. Essentially and fundamentally great, he did a greater life work than any man of his time, if work be measured by its far-reaching spiritual import. He wrought not for time but for eternity.

He is gone, but his work remains. He is gone, but his life has not. That will go on and on while spiritual currents flow. He is gone, not because he is dead, but because he was the latter-day Enoch. "He walked with God, and he was not because God had taken him."

INVENTORY MAKING

DECEMBER thirty-first — and inventory time once more. The busy world makes its annual review of the year's activities. Bought and sold, so much; assets, so much; a book value on the ledger, for or against, so much. The world will know where it stands, in a day or two.

The firm, "Soul and Company," must also make its annual inventory. Soul is the head of the house; Body and Spirit are the partners. Soul is the responsible one on whom the real burden of the firm rests; Body is the "hewer of wood and drawer of water"; while Spirit is the silent member who comes at times with suggestions of hope and sometimes in deep despair. Our clerks are many; Will and Desire and Resolve are active and prominent among them. Conscience is the bookkeeper's name, who comes now on this last night of the year to show the trial balance.

Conscience is a good accountant. There is no need to check life's ledger through after this faithful servant, no matter how tremendous the debtor total may appear. Here are the entries of things daily received from the hand of God; the abundance received from friends; the vast values from social

relations; the revenues from unknown and unheard-of persons who by their daily toil contribute to the sum total of human welfare; the dividends from our general partnership in the business of humanity. Scanning the credit page, we blush; for the credit total is largely made up of promises to pay. We have given back value received, sometimes; we carried the load of poverty a little way for some one; we dropped the balm of consolation into a few hearts; we dried a tear on a child's face; we steadied a staggering man on his heart-broken way; we gave a little to the causes that the Church said were God's; but the bulk of our credit is in promises of what we will do by and by. This fills us with concern, for these things must appear as liabilities and our assets may not be enough to make good.

One page in the ledger is headed "Life." Here are the entries; read them.

"Dr. To 365 days steady continuance	\$100,000.00"
"Cr. By one dime, dropped 52 times in the church collection plate	5.20
By resolve to pay the balance by a legacy to some college	99,994.80 "

We turn to our bookkeeper. "That, Conscience, is what we'll do when we die." Says Conscience: "Suppose you have not that much when you die?"

It is a gruesome thought; we turn quickly to another page. It is headed "Health."

"Dr. To 365 days of absolute freedom from the ills all flesh is heir to	\$100,000.00"
"Cr. By a visit to the hospital to see our clerk, Con- science, whom we had sorely wounded by a dishonest deal in stocks; our time valued at .	100.00
By promise to give all we made by the deal to widows and orphans, after we make as much more honestly	99,900.00"

As we read we hear Conscience speaking, this time as though to himself: "Suppose you never make it?" A cold chill runs down our spinal cord, and we hurry on through the ledger's pages.

The record is almost all the same. By the book showing of our assets and liabilities we are bankrupt, unless our inventory shows a large value in stock on hand. But we face the figures aghast. We are debtor to the grace of God for a sum we can never pay; against the debt stand promises we can never meet; ruin remediless is surely not far off. We have received everything; we have made of it — nothing. Conscience stands above us, no longer servant but master; we cower broken-hearted in the office of the counting-house of Soul and Company. "Close the doors," we cry at last; "let the ruin come!"

It is not the voice of Conscience that answers, but a gentler voice. "No!" is the word. "Let no ruin come! I will pay the debt, if I am but given entrance into the firm of Soul and Company. For stones I will bring iron; for iron I will bring bronze; for bronze I will bring silver; for silver, gold; for gold, diamonds; and thy poverty shall give place to my riches of righteousness. I am He that cometh with dyed garments from Bozrah, strong to bless and mighty to save."

As we look up, half-fearfully, we see standing there the thorn-crowned Man of Calvary. We have met him oft before; long ago he made us offers of help. Then we turned from him in our strength and pride of heart. But now!

“BEFORE THE RISING OF THE SUN”

NIGHT: midnight: still night, over the weary city. In heaven's deep and dark blue vault the stars move on, steadily, silently, along their waveless, foamless way in the vast, unreachable, infinite space ocean. Here and there a flaring torch tells of some spot where memory of that awful yesterday keeps life awake to the fact of earth's horrors. Here and there hushed voices talk of the three crosses out on Calvary, and of the close-sealed tomb in the garden of Joseph of Arimathæa. Before that tomb, back and forth, forth and back, paces each way a Roman soldier. The two comrades who will relieve them at the next watch, sleep. The world sleeps; Rome sleeps; the provincial city sleeps; even hate sleeps; while within the tomb in the garden the Nazarene peasant sleeps. The high priest can rest secure. The peril is averted. The world that had gone after the “carpenter's son” can return to sanity. “Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,” will sound no more when the multitudes walk in the holy porches of the temple. The Nazarene sleeps the long sleep in the garden without the city wall, and back and forth, forth and back, paces the Roman watch, that never sleeps.

The fourth watch comes. The cock's voice, clock for the coming day, strikes the hour before the dawning. From far below the world's rim the sunlight begins to draw its shining veil which will outshine the stars. Not day yet; it is still dark. A streak of gray is in the east. The weary soldiers note it, thinking the hour for their relief is nigh. The pearl color of nascent light spreads toward mid-heaven. The pacing sentinels wake suddenly to keen alertness; they feel earth rocking beneath their feet, trembling, heaving. They turn upon their beat; facing the tomb they see the great stone lift and sway and roll backward from the door, while light brighter than ten thousand suns floods all the scene. Dark Olivet with vine and olive tree shows in plain perspective against the curtaining east. The hill-bound city is visible, lying in its sleep, unconscious of the portents of the morning. And in the light that streams from the open tomb appears the sleeping peasant, emerging effulgent, triumphant, a spirit body, a bodiless spirit, a flash, a gleam, a terror to the soldiers' half-dazed souls. They fall as dead men to the ground.

The world sleeps, but Jesus sleeps no more. The great city sleeps, but the city's rejected one sleeps no more. Rome sleeps, and its Caesar; King Herod sleeps; but the King of kings has waked to immortality. The peasant of Nazareth who was laid

in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa to sleep the long sleep, has come forth, Lord of life, Victor over death and hell and the grave, holding in his hands the chains by which captivity is led captive forevermore. The Christ is risen. It is the Resurrection Day.

“HOW SHALL WE KEEP EASTER?”

VERY early in the morning yet; the darkness is too great to see the sepulcher. Is the stone rolled away? Yea — rolled away! Angel messengers are by the open tomb. “Seek not to-day the living here.” The outline of the hills grows plain. The pencil rays of sunlight color the eastern sky to glory. See, it is true. The grave has lost its victory. Rejoice, O soul! This is the resurrection morn. Let us keep the Easter Day.

How shall we keep it? Bright lilies cannot keep it for us, though they can add their sweetness and beauty to our joy. Anthems and laudations ringing through nave and transept cannot keep it for us. To keep it as in the presence of Christ’s triumphant glory is a thing of the individual heart.

What wert thou, O Christ? How shall we keep thine Easter Day? Can you hear the answer? “I was a man. Keep Easter in memory of me, the man called Jesus.” Without Jesus, the man, there could have been no resurrection.

Yes, Jesus was a man. And what a man! How he walked the hills of Galilee. When sorrow called, how he replied. When calumny attacked, how he endured. When death seized him, how he died.

He died as man, unto sin, once. He lives in spite of death, triumphant evermore. Let us remember the man he was, as we rejoice to-day. Let us resolve to be such men as he.

What wert thou, O Christ? "I was Christ, the King. Keep Easter, then, in memory of the King, without whom there would have been no resurrection."

Think of him as King. Not a crown-wearer, except as they crowned him with thorns. Not a sword-bearer: "Put up thy sword," he said to the over-zealous one. Could the Prince of Peace be a sword-wielder? No; nor the tenant of an earthly throne. But King of truth; King of love; King to whom the Father would give a name exalted above every name; King for human hearts to adore for the salvation which sanctifies. King of truth? Aye, King over himself. Had he not said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life"? And into abounding life he came on Easter Day: Jesus the Man; Jesus the King.

What art thou, O Christ? "I am the Lord. Keep Easter, my Easter, in memory of me, the Lord of grace and glory. Without me there could have been no resurrection."

The early church caught the word. Apostle, evangelist, the multitudes who accepted their gospel took up the formula, "The Lord Jesus Christ." He

was Jesus the Man, Christ the anointed King, and Lord triumphant evermore.

Our thought goes back to the judgment hall of Pilate. The keen Roman saw Jesus for what he was as a man. To that manhood the Roman judge testified. "Behold the man," he said. There was a touch of pity there. To his kingship; though unintentionally, he bore witness. "Behold your king," he urged. There was a touch of scorn there. That the pale-faced, broken-hearted victim of human hate and sin who stood before him was the Lord of life and grace and glory never dawned on his pagan soul.

What a Man — the flawless, spotless, sinless One of rolling ages! And what a King — conqueror of death and hell and the grave! And what a Lord — the glorious giver of all good for the perishing sons of men! This is his resurrection day. Let us keep it in memory of Bethlehem and Calvary and the Arimathæan tomb.

A CHRISTMAS EVE REVERY

O CHRIST-CHILD of the world's heart, Man for the world's redemption, Son of God with the power of the resurrection filling thee; this is thy hour. The heart longs for thee; the eyes wait for a sight of thy salvation, bringing joy into life; the bells of cathedrals chime the Noël melody; the world that knows thee looks thy way; and as the day draws nigh that bears thy name we can but think of the resounding voice of the angel host, and of the hastening feet of the astonished shepherds, wending their way toward the manger and the Child.

I sit before the open fire in my boyhood's home. The hour draws nigh the birth of Christ. The world is white outside; the logs burn clear. The pencils of the flame paint pictures on the background of my thought. There are shepherds sleeping; there are shepherds watching; there are shepherds going to see this thing which the Lord has made known unto them. Oh, shepherds, teach us your lesson! the lesson of your wondrous faith. Ye go to see — not to see if, but to see. And we reason and doubt and argue, and sometimes make utter shipwreck of our faith against the jagged headlands of a questioning brain. Simple shepherds!

Believing shepherds! There were none to tell you that no such story could be true. The Devil was too much amazed that Christmas midnight to think of stopping you as ye went to Bethlehem to see. God had burst into life that night; the enemy was taken by surprise. He knew his hour had come for struggle, never to cease until the day came when he should slay the babe lying at peace in Bethlehem's manger. But never again could he get God out of the world; never again render hopeless man's struggle against sin; nevermore go unchecked in his hope-wrecking assaults on human souls.

I see the manger now, on the flame canvas. I see the worshiping wastrels. I see the sweet-faced mother. I see the Child Jesus. And can I not see also the Holy Spirit, far above the baby form? He will descend some day, dovelike, and a voice will fill the ears of a man at the beginning of a great ministry with the marvelous words, "my beloved Son." I see it, I accept it all. I praise thee, Father of Love; and I worship thee, O Christ, thou Son of the everliving God.

THE GREAT GIFT

GIFT of God! A human soul passed through the gates of life out of the vast unseen by the hand of the Eternal Jehovah. Gift to a poor, dying world. Gift for a sad, sinful world. Gift salvation-laden. Mighty load for a child to bear. They called his name Jesus.

Were other children born that night so long ago? No angels sang for them over any of earth's uplands a divine anthem. Not one of them all is remembered anywhere to-day. But this child of Bethlehem has never been forgotten. He will, he can never be forgotten. The years, the months, the days of our present life are full of him. The day we celebrate is full of him. The voices of millions around the globe are full of him as they shout a "Merry Christmas" to their loved ones. For this baby that they named Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God.

Does God watch with eagerness, think you, to see if on the Christmas Day any hearts will make his lovely gift their own? Can you see the face of the man who wept as he cried: "O Jerusalem! How often I would and ye would not!" That is the grown-up face of the baby of Bethlehem. Can

you hear the voice that gave the most gracious invitation of the world: "Come unto me all ye that labor"? That is the full man's voice of the little child who lay in the manger of Bethlehem, into whose face the wondering shepherds gazed.

What came with Bethlehem's baby? Peace! The winged host sang it. Greatest song of time, and heard by humblest ears: "Peace on earth!" It comes ringing down the ages, and yet, under its sound, echoing from nation to nation, men have shed rivers of blood in war. "Peace on earth!" Yes! peace came with the Christ-child and peace was the legacy of the Christ-man when his last hour was upon him. "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

What came with Bethlehem's baby? Light! Light ineffable at midnight on Judæan hills. Prophecy was fulfilled there. Hear Isaiah's voice, exultant: "Arise! Shine! for thy light is come." Truly on Israel, decrepit, spiritually senile Israel, the glory of the Lord had risen. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light," comes the prophet's voice out of the past. Will the light be universal and enduring? Will it pale as other lights have paled? Climb to the heights to-day and scan the heavens. To the farthest limit of vision

around the wide-belting, far-away horizon, the effulgence from the Bethlehem hour is shining; never brighter than to-day; never fuller of wonderful promise; never more illumining for longing eyes.

What came with Bethlehem's baby? Immortality! The hope of immortality was but a flickering torch. The cult which politically ruled in Christ's day said: "No resurrection, angel or spirit." In the Roman senate the greatest brain of his day had said, "Death is an eternal sleep." But all were wrong. On to life's end went the angel-heralded Child. Hate hanged him on a tree. Love buried him in a tomb. The power of his immortality burst the bands of darkness, and

"Life immortal the Lord did bring
From the seed that fell in an open tomb."

Peace, light, immortality! Wonderful triplet of spiritual gems to set in the crown which that Christmas night placed on the brow of humanity.

Salvation, too, came with the Bethlehem baby into the world. Is not salvation a part of peace and light and immortality? No; they are parts of it. It is the circling coronet in which the three gems blaze. Without salvation there can be no peace, no light, no immortality.



LIFE LYRICS



A SPRING TRIAD

April

No early night

As in the winter days;

No need of light.

Now fall the long sun rays;

Far through the meadows mark their shining way

On winding river creeping toward the bay.

May

Let fall the seed!

The waiting earth is warm.

The cattle feed,

Nor fear the chilling storm.

With rod and reel the fisher beats the brook,

Or rests at noontide in the shaded nook.

June

Soon o'er the fields

Will wave the flaunting corn.

The rich earth yields

Her store for plenty's horn.

Strong hands and hearts with sturdy nature cope,

Upheld by memory of rewarded hope.

THE HARBINGER

FLOATING, elusive, as on silent wing,
The first fresh flush of the approaching spring.

The ice-bank sheltered by the shadowing wall
Feels the warm touch, and answers to the call.

The crocus lifts its chalice to the light,
Waked from the sleep of the long winter night.

A spirit subtle as of noiseless dream,
Or formless phantom, stirs sod, tree, and stream.

“THE GREAT AND WIDE SEA”

PLASH —

Swish — How it rolls!

Plash — flash — in the sun —

Plash, swish, goes its sounding on and on.

Not a rumble as of bowls

On the alley,

As one sends them with a spin,

With the hope that one will win,

As they strike the foremost pin,

And the marker, in his marking, marks a “spare”;

But swish, crish, plash, soft and low.

It would lull a child to sleep,

Make a lone heart cease to weep

By its flow.

See the lace of the foam,

How it crawls!

From the wave to the sand now it falls.

There! ’Tis done!

No — still again the watery walls

Break in flashing silvery crests

And roll in where the beach

Stretches wide.

And they fill the farthest reach

As a troop from the hills fills a valley.

Swish, crish, plash, swells the tide.
Yonder on their quests
On the world's rim lazy ride
Sails, in the sunlight shining fair.
On the world's rim!
What's below?
Is it home?
Who can tell?
When a sail sinks out of sight,
When a day drops into night,
Does there gleam for each a light
Anywhere?

Oh, the rolling, restless wave,
Never ceasing —
Surging in, and in, and in, evermore.
Now it flings its diamonds far,
Answers now the gleaming star,
Wheeling there
In the high o'erarching dome.
Far below is its deep, unfathomed cave,
Naught releasing.

Plash — flash — like a bell
Hear it strike upon the shore.
'Tis the laughter of the waves,
Silvery music, it may be,
Or anon the ruthless roar
Of the sweeping, raging, rolling, wrecking sea.

For the voice so low to-day
With its splash and swish and swell,
May to-morrow be a knell
Over graves.

Break, break, break, restless sea!
Not thy dirge, but thy carol, sing for me.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

To the autumn days, to the silvery lake,
To the shelving shore where the light boat swings,
To the fresh delight when at morn we wake,
To a drink from the brook out of mountain springs.

To the evening shade in the mountain glen,
To the purple robe o'er the forests spread,
To the tramp o'er the trail over moor and fen,
To the rest at night on the moss bank's bed.

To the vast woods' depths, to the leafy path,
To the crackling fire when the day is done,
To the touch of joy which nature hath,
To watching the track where the deer must run.

THE BUNGALOW

Hid in the woods, twin white birches for sentries,
A spring just beyond at the foot of the rock.
The eye does not see, but the sunlight finds entries
Through the fluttering leaves, no noise in its knock.
And the porches are cool,
And the drink from the pool
Is worth while.

Climb up the high hill from the hot dusty street.
The bungalow sits on the gray mountain ledge.
From the sentries' high tops come voices that greet,
Bird notes from the nest where the brown thrushes
fledge.
They are raindrops of song,
Not too loud, not too long,
Well worth while.

Above, on the porch, stands the queen of the glade.
The open door speaks of a welcome with joy.
From the glare of the day to dark mountain shade
Pass in, to a comfort that knows no alloy.
For the bungalow's peace,
Where life's worry will cease,
Is worth while.

THE PORCH

THE porch is wide and the soft breeze is cool;
A ripple laughs its way across the pool
Where 'neath the lily pads the goldfish play,
And from the fountain rains the silver spray,
And the tall pines touched by the westering sun
Cast shadows when the stress of day is done.

And the beetle drones,
And the swallow flies,
And the dark pine moans,
As the daylight dies.

The porch is dark, when o'er her cloistered halls
Night throws her veil, which like a mantle falls
On weary life touched by the hand of care,
Or bowed by burden which it needs must bear.
Darkness, the path o'er which by hours are drawn
Night's chariot wheels to gate of breaking dawn.

And the night bird sings,
And the glowworm gleams,
And on noiseless wings
Float the far star beams.

POSTHUMOUS

THE Censor read one stanza through;
 He shook his head; his lip he curled.
 "This poem? This? It will not do;
 I would not print it for the world.

"No master ever made such verse;
 Its rhymes are poor, its thought is tame,
 Its rhythm bad, its diction worse,
 Its feet, its halting feet, are lame.

"Who sent it? Has the chump no sense,
 To think he holds the poet's quill?"
 He turned the leaf. "From whom? From whence?"
 He read the name, "E. Rowland Sill."

SWEET SIXTEEN

TO M. D. H.

I WATCHED a daisy as it raised its head
 After the winter, from its earthy bed:
 Its stem climbed ever upward toward the sky;
 Its blossom, like a face with upturned eye,
 Searched the far heavens to find the central flame,
 The sun, from which, day's eye, it takes its name.

I've called you "daisy" in our dear home spot
 As years have sped; nor is my prayer forgot,
 This birthday morn, that you like this sweet flower,
 White-petaled, golden-hearted, know no hour
 Of separation from that light divine
 Which through the love of Jesus may be thine.

SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS

FROM THE RIM OF THE CANYON

TWIN mountain peaks, snow-crowned;
The desert spreading far, embrowned;
God's silences profound.

Like sentinels they stand,
Alone, serene, and grand:
They guard the silent land.

Athwart the canyon walls
Their silent shadow falls.
Beneath, the river crawls.

So, with the morn, the light,
Rising from gloom of night,
Bursts on our ravished sight.
We kneel — we pray.

CAMBRONNE

HE stood in the front of the battle line,
Of the broken battle line.
His comrades lay on the crimson field,
On the redly crimsoned field.
The cause was lost, but he gave no sign
That his heart could ever yield.

Alone he stood; of the "Old Guard" last,
Of that staunch "Old Guard" the last.
They cried him mercy, he cried back scorn,
Yes, cried them back wrath and scorn.
The fleeting moment of pity passed,
By hate's tempest overborne.

There was rain of death; there was leaden blast,
The sting of the leaden blast.
Still stood he scornful, still gave no sign
Of yielding, no tokening sign.
Alone, when the fiery breath had passed,
The last of the battle line.

THE DESERTER

CRACK! 'Twas the rifles.
When the smoke cleared away,
There he lay,
Mangled and dead.
And the sod? It was red.
"Shot for desertion,"
The orderly said.

They found in his pocket
A letter and locket.
A child did the writing,
"To dear Daddy, fighting."
In the locket the face of a woman,
Calm, strong, sweetly human.
Said the letter, "Ma's dying;
I can't write, for crying."

He asked for a furlough —
"A brief one, I pray."
The answer was, "Nay."
At roll call next day
He was gone.
"Start the chase! Bring him in
Living or dead,"
The adjutant said.

He was caught and brought back.
 Brief report
 Made the court.
 "Of proof there's no lack.
 His sentence is death
 At sunset to-day."

Boom! 'Twas the gun giving signal.
 When lifted its breath,
 There he lay,
 Mangled and dead.
 And the sod? It was red.
 "Shot for desertion,"
 The orderly said.

TREE AND HEART

A LEAFLESS tree, and brown fields spreading wide;
 Sheep lying huddled in a sheltered nook,
 Where a great pine casts shadows o'er a brook,
 And cattle scattered on the bare hillside.

The voice of Spring calls to the leafless tree,
 "Awake, and deck thee for the balmy days
 When o'er the grass-garbed fields the flocks will graze,
 And nature will rejoice, from rigors free."

The answer comes in opening buds and flowers,
 In perfumes breathed upon the morning air,
 In petals sun-kissed into colors rare,
 And bird-songs at day's early dawning hour.

So to my heart, 'neath sorrow lone and lorn,
 Comes the great call of Him who died and rose:
 "Awake, arise, forget what griefs oppose;
 Thy yoke is lighter than that I have borne."

PRIMROSE AND SPRING

In humble garden plot a primrose grew.
It blossomed; what more could a primrose do?

An ice-cold spring burst from a wayside bank;
A weary, thirsting traveler stooped and drank.

A loving woman plucked the primrose bloom
And bore it to a soul submerged in gloom.

The ice-cold stream renewed the traveler's hope;
He girt himself again with life to cope.

The little primrose told of earthly love;
The gloom-plunged soul lifted its eyes above.

To waiting throng the hope-filled traveler trod,
His message this: "Behold the Lamb of God!"

Primrose and spring; how humble, yet how great!
That soul is wise that learns ere yet too late.

P E R C O N T R A

THE boat that drifts upon the land-locked lake
Which peaceful lies by beetling cliffs inheld,
Needs no Thor's hammer ponderous chain to weld
To give it mooring when the storm shall break.

But craft storm-tossed on ocean's boisterous wave,
Battling the blast that sweeps the ravening main,
Seeking the port and seeking oft in vain,
May pray for Thor from ruin's wreck to save.

The soul whose days are passed afar from strife
In rustic quiet, or in forest glen,
Needs not the panoply of armored men
To ward the bolt by earth-stress hurled at life.

But souls whose lot 'gainst whelming sin is cast,
Whose only portion is to fight or die,
May fix on strength divine a trustful eye,
Assured of victory when the struggle's past.

THE GUERDON

WHEN the strong man, heavily burdened,
Succumbs to the breaking strain;
When after his strenuous struggle
There is nothing left but pain;
What better is he than the weakling
Who has known nor loss, nor gain?

Were the grave the end of the toiling,
Life measured by strength alone,
Had love no part in the problem,
Were there not a Christ athrone,
There were naught in living and moiling
That could to such souls atone.

But the grave is not goal but portal,
And the burdened strong, who fell,
Is better by all his strength had done
Ere the sound of the passing bell,
Than the weaker soul without loss or gain,
To whom night calls no "All's well."

LOST

WHERE is it? Who knows?
'Twas here and 'tis gone.
The human tide flows
From first break of dawn,
But no answer comes
To the question we ask —
Too great is the task.

Life gave us a chance;
We let it slip past.
Mourn not, but advance;
The future is vast.
Christ's cry still is loud —
"To the dead leave the dead."
No more need be said.

CONTRASTS

THE star is brightest when the moon has lost
The flooding radiance of its parent sun.
The heart is lightest when is paid the cost
Of triumph over world allurements won.
The star is guidon for the ship that braves
In lonely nights the battling of the waves.
The heart is nerved for struggle yet to be
By every struggle crowned with victory.

Contentment is a plant of growth so slow
That expectation oft-times waits in vain.
Ambitions are like tempests fierce that blow
Strewing their path with wreck, with loss, with pain.
But for the soul that trustful runs its race,
Pain, wreck, and loss are messengers of grace.
And calm content, life's sweetest, kindest flower,
Will bloom, ere night brings in the closing hour.

TWO SONGS

THERE is a song no mortal tongue can sing,
A song whose notes are tuned to heaven-struck string,
Far grander than the strains the earthborn hears,
The ringing cadence of the distant spheres;
They speed o'er paths by human foot untrod,
The morning stars, the primal sons of God.

But oh! the song that falls from lips of love,
Far sweeter than all hymned by choirs above —
The song of souls that erst have sinned, but turned
With broken heart to Him whom once they spurned.
That song is simple: "Oh, remember me
When thou shalt come, dear Christ of Calvary."

THE GATE

THE years move slowly toward the distant goal,
Which, reached, discloses to the longing soul
 The guerdon worth the toil through day, through night,
 The open gateway to God's radiant light.
Though strait the gate, and narrow be the way,
Enter, O soul! It leads to endless day.

COMPENSATION

THE flight of the arrow is swift
When the hand on the bow is strong;
The heaviest shadow will lift
From the heart that is filled with song.
And the way of peace is not hard to find,
When Christ is the law of the willing mind.

The path that the swift arrow makes
Not the skilfullest hand can trace;
The way that the dark shadow takes
Is marked not by time nor by space.
But the path of peace, by the Christ once trod,
Begins in the heart, and it ends in God.

SELF-DEFEAT

I SHUT my casement 'gainst the murky night.
The morning dawned. The world was bathed in light.
So, bent to shield my heart from pain and grief,
I lost the joy that comes from pain's relief.

TRIUMPH

LET not the moil of time, nor stress of care
Make in your heart the furrow of the share
Of plow held by opposing hand of ill,
Nor break the path straight marked by steadfast will.
To stress of time oppose that grip of soul
Which guides life's coursers to the destined goal.

OBLIVION

IF life be only the sequence of days,
Now labor and pain, now censure or praise,
Then speed to the goal where death shall disclose
The end of the struggle, in endless repose.

IMMORTALITY

IF life be the rood that measures love's power
To comfort and bless, in sunshine or shower,
Then measure each step to the Dark River's shore,
Where death is the portal to love evermore.

THE QUEST

To rest in sleep
So calm, so deep,
That all earth's noises could not wake,
For me
Would that be peace?

From fouling moil,
From wearing toil
And thirst that no earth draught could slake,
Set free,
Would that be peace?

Under the gleam
Of rays that stream
Down from far distant, rolling spheres,
To walk,
Would that be peace?

On mountain crest
With friend the best,
In silence that can wake no fears,
To talk,
Would that be peace?

Past toil, past sleep,
Past cares that creep
Into the soul, comes gentle voice —
 “For thee
There may be peace.

 “At Calv’ry’s cross
Ends moil, ends loss.
Look up, take heart, be strong, rejoice.
 For thee
There may be peace.”

GEORGE WILLIAM KNOX

DIED APRIL 24, 1912, IN KOREA.

UNDER Korean skies,
Land hermited so long against the world,
Land last of lands in which should be unfurled
Christ's labarum, he dies,
The Christian soldier dies;
No duty left undone,
Life's hardest conflict won.
"In hoc signo" — let him who runneth read —
"Vinces." 'Twill aye be true. 'Tis true indeed
For him who peaceful lies
Under Korean skies.
Rests now the heart calm, trustful, and sincere,
Who faced life's front unmoved by any fear,
Quickly the roll call came;
He answered to his name,
Under Korean skies.
"In hoc signo vinces" — so read the youth
Christ's labarum. His manhood found it truth.

THE ROCK OF AGES

I SAW a soul, conscious of sin and loss,
Storm-driven and racked; as ocean tempests toss
 The bits of flotsam strewed from wave to wave,
 And none in their tumultuous tossing save;
As wind whirls in the chilling autumn days
The sere dead leaves in hurrying, scurrying ways;
 As souging winds by night through somber pines
 Sweep onward, while no star in heaven shines —
So storm and rack drifted the unlit soul;
Sin's yawning gulf before, its only goal.

I saw a Rock upon the shores of time,
Cleft, riven, and rugged; as its crest sublime
 A storm-hewn cross. Against it broke the tide
 Of hell, and hate, and sin, and God defied.
Strong still it stood, unshaken mid the strife
Of warring waves; sure refuge for the life
 That, struggling out of loss and wreck, should bring
 Thither its all, and to that fastness cling.
Great Rock of Ages! swept by surging roll
Of swelling sin; great Headland for the soul!

MY PRAYER

O JESUS, let me look to thee!

Dark is the way my feet must trace;
Turn thou thy look of love on me,
And let my sunshine be thy face.

O Jesus, let me come to thee!

Poor, weak, and tempted, prone to sin.
Reach forth thine arms of strength to me,
O Heart of Love, and fold me in.

O Jesus, let me walk with thee!

The way is long and I am lone;
Extend thy guiding hand to me,
And let thy footsteps lead my own.

O Jesus, let me rest in thee!

Heart, head, and hand so weary grow.
Thy yoke and burden give to me;
Their ease, their lightness let me know.

So, till the struggle ends in rest,

Tarry thou with me, Saviour, Friend;
So let me prove that soul is blest
That, loving, loves thee to the end.

CALVARY

BURDENED by grief and tortured by sin
I strove to find rest.
Nothing without and nothing within
Answered my quest.
Then spoke the voice of the Christ to me:
"Rest comes only from Calvary."

Troubled in thought and captive to care
I labored for peace.
Naught I could do and naught I could dare
Brought me release.
Then came the voice of the Christ to me:
"Peace comes only from Calvary."

Sadly cast down, forsaken by hope,
I cried in despair:
"God, give me strength with trouble to cope!"
This was my prayer.
Answered the voice of the Christ to me:
"Strength comes only from Calvary."

Lifting my eyes and looking, I saw
That hill of despair;
Cross-topped it stood, and cursed by the law,
But Jesus hung there;
And his voice came clearer than erst to me:
"Rest — peace — strength — come from Calvary."

THE SHRINE

Love stopped by the foot of a wayside shrine,
 And Hate passed by.
 "Kneel'st not," said Love, "to thy God and mine?"
 "Not I; not I."

Love knelt to pray, but she softly wept;
 Hate, fixed in purpose, her pathway kept.

Love lifted her face to the shrine, and lo!
 The Christ was there;
 Hate followed the way she had marked to go,
 Without a prayer.
 The Christ touched Love's lips with a holy kiss,
 But Hate was lost in her own abyss.

Love lives through her prayer;
 Hate dies from despair.

THOU DRAWEST ME

O TREE! Thou drawest me.
 Looking I see
 The Man of Sorrows die.
 Voice from the Judgment Hall,
 "No fault at all";
 And yet came Calvary.

O Life! facing sin's strife,
 Though hate be rife,
 And death draws surely near;
 For souls in sin fast bound
 Thou mad'st life's round,
 Unmoved by hate or fear.

O Love! surpassing thought,
 That freedom brought
 For sinners such as I!
 Can aught that life can be
 Return to Thee
 More than a tear or sigh?

O Cross! Let me count dross,
 Nor mourn the loss
 Of all that I hold gain,
 If by Thy blood I win
 Freedom from sin,
 And life washed from its stain.

ASPIRATION

O LORD, to thee with humble heart
 I now draw near;
Conscious of self, of what thou art,
 And filled with fear
Lest I, unworthy as I be
Even to bend a reverent knee,
Should fail in this my prayer to thee:
 O Father, hear!

O Lord, I long for power to bear
 With patient soul
The bonds, the bands, the bends of care,
 In part, in whole;
The fierce assaults temptations make,
The passions that like tempests break,
The lusts that life's foundations shake,
 Sin's waves that roll.

O Lord, thou art my only hope;
 To thee I cry;
Grace give to me, with sin to cope,
 Self to defy;
To arm, to fight, to stand my ground,
Heeding no whit what ills abound,
Counting naught lost, but all things found,
 If thou art by.

So, Lord, though I am weak, not strong,

 The victory's mine.

So, though the conflict may be long,

 I'll not decline

Sin's fiercest battle. Sin I'll brave,

And death defeat, and rob the grave

Of every sting, since thou canst save,

 For thou art mine.

ENOCH

“HE walked with God.” Where? How? Was it in ways,
Think you, which lips can speak and eyes can trace?
Was it as friend will walk with friend through days
Storm-bound or glowing? Did he see the face
Of Him who hideth from the eyes of men,
Nor gives a faintest token to their ken?

“He walked with God.” Dim figure of the past,
Far off upon the background of the world.
Life was a shadow toward hope’s future cast,
And hope lay in the breaking dawn impeared;
His deeds unsung in an unvocal age,
Save one short record on a sacred page.

“And he was not.” That is the oft-told tale
Of those whose lives pass as ships pass at night,
Silent, but swift answering the wind-filled sail;
They seek their distant port, then sink from sight.
Did he pass thus into the great unknown,
Leaving no record, even for his own?

“And he was not.” How sped the eager soul?
Did around him, as around us now,
Surge in, and o’er him wrecking waters roll?

Or stood he, pilot, at his own life's prow
To mark the leeway and to keep the course,
'Gainst whelming billows and fierce ocean's force?

Not so. "God took him." Such the simple screed.

He walked new paths with step strong, full, and free,
Rich guerdon of untasted death his meed,

And life that had been, lost in life to be.
O'er ways unseen by mortal eyes he trod
With step unfaltering, for "he walked with God."



**HOLIDAY AND ANNIVERSARY
POEMS**



THE BIRD AND THE MORN

A FLUTTERING bird beat at my window pane.
 Drear night; wild winds; cold, fiercely driving rain.
 The bird swept on, lost in the night again.

One stood and knocked; knocked at my heart's closed
 door.

Passion's rude blast beat fierce, as on the shore
 Wild breakers beat when the mad tempests roar.

Spent was the storm, yet still that form was there;
 Not vanished like the bird that could not bear
 The swift, cold rushing of night's hostile air.

Bright morning broke with clear auroral ray.
 Who art thou? Why thus at my heart's door stay?
 I am the Christ. This is the Easter Day.

ON EASTER MORNING

THE Christ who hung upon Calvary's cross
Hung there for me.
The Christ who suffered of all the loss,
Suffered for me.
But sorrow and death to him were naught;
The loss and the cross salvation brought
To the wandering sheep by the Shepherd sought —
That is to me.

The form that rested in Joseph's tomb
Lay there for me.
The soul that tasted the awful doom
Drank deep for me.
But silence and sleep to him were naught;
For the doom and the tomb salvation brought
To the sin-slain soul that its Lover sought —
That is to me.

The King who bore the twin nights' delay
Endured for me.
The King who rose with the breaking day
Arose for me.
For the clutch of the grave to him was naught;
The day and delay salvation brought
To a hope-lorn sinner by Saviour sought —
That is to me.

AN EASTER HYMN

O THOU enthroned beyond the radiant spheres,
Strong Son of Man, victorious o'er the grave,
Conqueror of death, and mighty thus to save,
Ancient of Days, First of Eternal Years:

To thee we raise
Our hymn of praise,
This Easter morn, this Easter morn.

Delivered for our sins to Satan's power,
Held close by death beneath the fast-sealed stone,
Death linked to hell proclaimed thee as its own,
And sung the victory in that awful hour.

Sad hour of pain,
When grief's refrain
Sounded hope's knell, her long deathknell.

But short the triumph; dawned the morn at last,
Morn that should banish pain and grief and fear,
Morn that should send to every coming year
The note of joy for death's long power passed.

Glad note of praise
For hearts to raise
That Easter morn, that Easter morn.

"Not here, but risen!" was the angel's word.
Go, tell the story, that the world may hear!
Life conquers death, sorrow gives place to cheer,

And glad new hope in human hearts is stirred.
 Banished death's pain!
 That new refrain
 Is death's deathknell, death's long deathknell.

O Thou enthroned beyond the radiant spheres,
 Our eyes, our hearts, our voices we would raise,
 Our souls outpour in one glad song of praise.
 Saviour from sin, Deliverer from our fears,
 To thee we raise
 Our hymn of praise
 This Easter morn, this Easter morn.

AN OLD STORY

WHICH CANNOT BE TOLD TOO OFTEN TO A DOUBTING AGE

'Tis evening time. The shadows gather fast.
From Calvary's cross to Joseph's tomb has passed
A sorrowing group, bearing to final rest
The broken form of One they had loved best.
Grief, pain, dismay! Hope from each heart has fled;
He whom they thought the Christ, the King, is dead,
And Joseph's steps are slow, and bowed his head,
Joseph of Arimathæa.

Breaks the third morn, and ere the dawn of day,
Out from the city and along the way
Tombward, there goes in the gray morning's calm
A sad-faced woman, bearing spice and balm
For his anointing. With heart sorely riven
She weeps; within her, faith and doubt have striven,
Ev'n though she knows her many sins forgiven,
Mary, the Magdalene.

Full day has dawned. Now at this Mary's call,
Remembering not the night, the high priest's hall,
The base denial, Simon Peter goes
To seek the Lord, to rescue from its foes
The stolen form. Moved only by the prayer,

"My Lord is gone, and oh, I know not where
He lies!" hastes Simon, banishing despair,
Simon the fisherman.

But vain the search for him in rocky grave.
What grip of death could hold him, strong to save?
To death was left when broke the third day's dawn
An empty tomb; the Lord of Life was gone.
Yet sad in heart, though all the world lay fair,
Stands Mary weeping, crying "Where, oh, where?"
A voice! She looks. Lo, he is standing there,
Jesus, her risen Lord.

Oh, blessed moment! Night for her has flown;
For her Light breaks, and not for her alone.
Before his face, like her, we, too, may fall
To hail him Master, hail him Lord of all.
For still for us, as in the ages past,
There dawns, when end the days of Lenten fast,
An Easter morning, glorious, unsurpassed,
Through Christ the Lord.

HAIL, EASTER MORN!

HAIL, Easter Morn! Sing every voice with joy!

Christ rose triumphant, and we, too, shall rise.
Great song of ages! never will it cloy;

We send it echoing to the vaulted skies.
“Praise be to God! burst is the rocky prison!
Praise be to God! Jesus the Lord is risen.”

Hail, Easter Morn! Thine was a glorious dawn;

Thy luster shone to gild all future years.
Christ dead was sun of hope from men withdrawn;
Christ risen was light reluming human fears.
Hearts sad erstwhile took up the great refrain,
He lives who once was dead! He lives again.

Great day of promise, Easter of the soul!

Faith raised her tear-dimmed eyes when Christ arose.
Hope saw beyond that open tomb her goal:
Love, comforted, forgot her day of woes.
Grim shadows lifted from life's forward path,
And glory was the soul's rich aftermath.

Hail, Easter! Hail! No other day of time

So great, save that on which the Christ was born.
On this glad day, in every race and clime,
Hearts full of love sing the incoming morn;
Sing it, in ringing notes of glad accord;
Sing it, in hallelujahs to the Lord.

WHITHER AWAY?

WHITHER away in the early morn,

Mary?

Why sad of face and of heart forlorn,

Mary?

Why past the hill where three crosses stand,

With balm and spicery in thy hand,

Mary?

“To the garden where I saw them lay

In the gloom my Lord.

But who will roll me the stone away

From the tomb of my Lord?”

Already is lifting the long night's gloom,

Mary.

See, through the shadows an open tomb,

Mary.

For the heavy stone is rolled away;

Here breaks the dawn of the world's new day,

Mary!

A cry of grief rends the morning air:

“Borne away, my Lord!

And I know not, oh, I know not where

They will lay my Lord.”

On the garden path why weepest thou,
 Woman?

At the open tomb whom seekest thou,
 Woman?

See, by the flooding light of dawn,
The tomb is empty, the watch is gone,
 Woman.

From a broken heart her sad reply:

 “Sir, where is my Lord?”

“Mary!” She lifts her wondering eye —

 “Rabboni! My Lord!”

DECORATION DAY

To our comrades of the sixties in the blue!
To our foes below the rivers in the gray!
You who heard the wild drum's rattle,
The shrill bugle's call to battle,
And to drum-call and to bugle-call were true.
On the lowlands some are sleeping far away,
Sleeping silent in the lowlands far away.

*Oh, 'twas come, come, come, the call we heard!
And the drum, drum, drum our pulses stirred:
And the martial heart was strong;
Though the battle front was long,
From the shock of war no comrade was deterred.*

Those were days when the breath of death was strong;
When it kissed men on their foreheads, and they fell:
When the pale horse and his rider
Were for shot and shell the guider,
As he rode down the battle line so long.
And we knew the call to charge was the knell,
For the blue and the gray, the sure deathknell.

Oh, the flag! how we followed where it led!
How we strove to save it in the battle hour!
Stained and faded, torn and tattered,
Though the battle front was shattered,

And our comrades lay in heaps around it, dead.
Not a soldier's heart that saw the flag would cower;
'Neath Old Glory, red and gory, could not cower.

Dear old comrades of the sixties, here's to you!
Dear old foemen of the Southland, here's a hand!
Reverently we strew our flowers
On your soldiers' graves and ours,
On the graves of all who wore or gray or blue.
Gray and blue, heart to heart we'll ever stand;
Blue and gray, living, loving, ever stand.

*Oh, 'twas come, come, come, the call we heard!
And the drum, drum, drum our pulses stirred:
Every martial heart was strong,
And though battle front was long,
From the shock of war no soldier was deterred.*

THE SONG OF LIBERTY

“ In their ragged regimentals
Stood the Old Continentals.”

Toward Concord through the midnight hours
The rider spurred his sinewy roan.
“Up! forth! To arms! the battle lowers!”
So went the cry, by night wind blown.

Toward Concord marched at break of day
The serried line from foreign shore.
At night, beneath the stars men lay,
Fast gripped by death, to march no more.

The shot was fired; the die was cast;
Louder than sound of minute-gun,
Or roll of drum, or bugle blast,
Called freedom's voice from Lexington.

The die was cast. Through all the land
The beacons burned, the couriers sped;
Eye flashed to eye, hand clasped with hand
For Concord bridge and patriot dead.

From glen, from farm, from mountain, men
Sunburned, alert, and strong of will,
Marched at the call of country, when
The war-storm swept o'er Bunker Hill.

They heard the cracking rifle's call;
They heard the cry when Warren fell;
Took down the musket from the wall,
And said, "To die like him is well."

Ticonderoga felt their tread
And Bennington their valor knew;
By Schuylkill's stream they laid their dead
O'ershaded by the spreading yew.

The winter night, the icy stream,
The barges filled with patriot souls,
The still, stern march at morning's gleam,
Then victory's wave through Trenton rolls.

Oh, Valley Forge! thy freezing breath
Blew fierce and chill beneath thy trees,
Where ragged soldiers, stalked by death,
In reverence prayed on bended knees.

How fair Wyoming lay at night;
O'er her green glade the war-whoop broke;
Charred embers at the morning light
Told where had fallen the fearful stroke.

The slow years dragged their length away.
Men faltered not, though thousands died.
Men faltered not, but toward the day
Pressed, flinching not, with God as guide.

Day dawned at last by Yorktown's shore.
 Great freedom's sun resplendent rose,
 Its light on earth to pale no more,
 Till life and time alike shall close.

Great men, with greater purpose filled!
 They fought for freedom, and they won.
 The years were slow, but God had willed
 The issue, and His will was done.

These were our sires. Their sons are we.
 We tread with reverence where they trod.
 Their motto, "God hath made men free";
 Their guerdon, Country, Home, and God.

OLD-TIME MEMORIES

THE harvests are gathered, the fields are bare,
The chill of the autumn is on the air.

The brook in the meadow, still fringed with sedge,
Feels the touch of the ice-king at its edge.

Beyond the river the mountains rise;
Snow-silvered, they shine as the daylight dies.

The northwind sweeps where the reapers sang,
And the earth is hard where the fresh grain sprang.

The toilers are gone with their laugh and jest;
The greensward sleeps, and the forests rest.

One robin sings late on the leaf-bare bough,
The last of his kind; 'twill be winter now.

Cold, dreary and dark is the world to-night,
But the home within is aglow with light.

The table is loaded with homely cheer,
The fruit of the goodness that crowns the year.

Praise God, 'tis from him that all blessings flow!
Give thanks, all his creatures in earth below.

Where the fire leaps high, by the hearth they kneel,
To voice the thanksgiving glad hearts should feel.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN

God of our fathers, who didst lead
 By ways unknown, o'er trackless sea,
 Those souls of faith and strenuous deed,
 With grateful hearts we turn to thee.

On rocky shore, 'neath wintry sky,
 Where mantling snow the earth o'erlaid,
 And ocean tossed fierce breakers high,
 They reverent knelt, they grateful prayed.

They thanked thee for the guiding grace
 That gave New England for the Old;
 Then turned to front with dauntless face
 What terrors life or death might hold.

They recked not sound of surging seas,
 Nor feared the wind-swept forest's roar;
 High o'er the voice of howling breeze
 Their steadfast hearts thanksgivings pour.

And we, their children, sing to-day
 The strong "Te Deum" which they sang;
 With single heart the prayer we pray
 Which through their forest vistas rang.

We praise thee for the rounded year,
For home, for joy, for rest, for peace,
For bursting barns, for banished fear,
And love that lasts without surcease.

So thanking thee, great God of grace,
We raise our prayer, our praise we sing;
Our sires in thee found dwellingplace;
Let us find rest beneath thy wing.

CHRISTMAS MORN

SWEETLY sang the choirs of angels
When our Christ was born:
Holy anthems, glad evangels,
Ushered in the morn.
Through the wintry night air pealing,
Swelled the song God's love revealing —
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Down the intervening ages
Rings the holy word;
Infant lips and lips of sages
Join to praise the Lord.
And, while Christmas bells are ringing,
Thousand hearts their joys are singing,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Hear, O heart, the simple story;
On this Christmas morn,
Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory,
Unto you is born.
And, while earth and heaven rejoices,
Join, O heart, those happy voices,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

CHRISTMAS EVE

THE star in the East is bright to-night,
 As in ages long ago,
 When out on the hills came radiant light,
 And the glory song swept down the night,
 To the watching hearts below,
 That under the stars lone vigil kept,
 While the distant town in quiet slept.

The peace on the earth is great to-night,
 For the Child of the star is king,
 And the hope of the world is rising bright
 That the end of struggle and long fierce fight
 The new day's dawn will bring,
 When all hearts shall rest in the dream of peace,
 And sorrow and pain and tears shall cease.

FOR CHRISTMAS

I WENT to the forest, and asked of the trees,
As bowing and swaying they bent to the breeze,
“Now tell me, my brothers, pray tell, if you please,
Just what can you do for Christmas?”
And straightway they answered, the dark, lofty trees,
As spicy and fragrant they waved in the breeze,
“We’re trying our best to grow tall, if you please;
We’re trying to grow for Christmas.”

I passed by the draper’s, and saw in a box
Great masses of stockings, both plain and with clocks,
And eager I asked them, “You neat little socks,
Just what will you do for Christmas?”
And straightway they answered from out of their box,
Those stout-footed stockings, both plain and with clocks,
“We’ll try to fulfill the first duty of socks,
We’ll try to keep whole for Christmas.”

I entered the toy-shop, and said to the toys,
Such wonderful treasures for girls and for boys,
“You dear, pretty playthings, you holiday joys,
Pray what will you do for Christmas?”
And straightway they answered, those shining new toys,
Those marvelous presents for girls and for boys,
“To play with a child is the chief of our joys;
We’ll play with them all on Christmas.”

I climbed to the belfry, and questioned the bell,
All murmuring with sound like the heart of a shell,
“Now tell me, my silver tongue, truthfully tell,
What song you’ll ring out on Christmas?”
And straightway the resonant voice of the bell,
All vibrant with sound like a tropical shell,
Replied, “The glad message I’ll joyfully tell,
‘Good Tidings’ I’ll ring on Christmas.”

I wandered to cloudland, and asked of the snow,
As dancing and whirling it sped to and fro,
“Now tell me, fair snowflakes, I long so to know,
Just what are your plans for Christmas?”
And straightway they answered, the soft flakes of snow,
As circling and floating they whirled to and fro,
“We think we should do the best thing, do you know,
If we fell thick and white for Christmas.”

I asked of the tapers, the stars, and each light
That blooms in the heavenly garden of night,
“Now tell me, ye shining ones, lovely and bright,
What best can you do for Christmas?”
And straightway they answered, star, taper and light,
All blooming and fair in the garden of night,
“O’er land and o’er ocean we’ll beam clear and bright,
We’ll shine out our best for Christmas.”

So I found that all things in the sky and the earth,
Trees, stockings and toys, with full sense of their worth,
Stars, bells and the snow, for the sweet Christ-child’s birth,
Would each do their best for Christmas.

For snow, stars and bells, with all things on the earth,
Know well that the measure of what they are worth,
When comes the glad hour of the dear Christ-child's birth,
Is the good things they do on Christmas.

So I come to this band of glad boys and sweet girls,
With cheeks red as roses, and teeth white as pearls,
And ask you, bright eyes, and you, soft tossing curls,
"Just what will you do for Christmas?"

Let this be your answer, brave boys and fair girls,
While the roses grow redder, and whiter the pearls,
"By our sparkling bright eyes, by our soft tossing curls,
We'll make some hearts glad on Christmas."

NIGHT : STAR: CHILD

AN angel flying in the wintry night:
A burst of song follows a burst of light.

Wise eastern men watch eastern skies afar,
Where gleams in radiant light a kingly star.

A manger; cattle stalled; a mother mild:
Adoring magi hail as king the Child.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

"BORN this day" was the midnight song,
That fell on the shepherds' ears:

"Born this day" in yon silent town
On which the clear-eyed stars looked down:
And the deathless carol of endless years
Floats on the wintry air along,
As it bursts from the lips of the angel throng
A calm to their needless fears.

"Born this day" — oh, the wondrous word!
"Born this day" — Jesus Christ, the Lord!

"Born a King" — such the wise men's word
That fell on the ear of power.

"Born a King" — and we follow the star
That gleamed for us in the Orient far
And hath led us to this good hour.
We seek him with longing that will not cease
Till we find him, and hail him Prince of Peace;
Hail him Wonderful, Counselor.

"Born a King" — oh, the wondrous word!
"Born a King" — Jesus Christ, the Lord!

"Born this day" — let us swell the strain
Which came on the midnight clear.

"Born a King" — let us own the sign, —
The gleaming star of the Child divine,

Our Redeemer from sin and fear.
Let us hail him Saviour, in glad refrain,
Let us hail him born as our King to reign
And worship with heart sincere.
“Born this day” — oh, the wondrous word!
“Born a King” — Jesus Christ, the Lord.

BELLS IN THE NIGHT

I HEARD the sound of bells at midnight hour,
 The hour that follows after Christmas Eve.
 They broke my slumber, as from distant tower
 They seemed to say the things our souls believe.
 One deep-toned bell I heard, faroff, unseen,
 Ask, "Son of man, what does the Christmas mean?"

But ere my soul could frame a fit reply,
 There floated to me through the midnight sky
 From the far belfry tower the ringing chime
 That told the story of the Christmas time.

What does the Christmas mean?
 Oh, this! The heart of God, love-filled,
 Yearning o'er heart of man, self-willed:
 Wonder! the blood of Christ's heart, spilled
 To make our poor hearts clean.

What should the Christmas pray?
 Pray this: O Lord of love and grace,
 Save us, a sinful, self-willed race,
 And with the Christ to us give place
 In heaven's eternal day.

What should the Christmas speak?
 Let love's sweet message be the word,

By power of love let thought be stirred;
 Then strength divine shall undergird
 The souls that Jesus seek.

What shall the Christmas sing?
 This song: Redeeming love shall win
 Man's ransomed heart from self and sin,
 And Christ, supreme, shall reign within,
 Of human hearts the King.

So sang the bells unto the midnight air.
 Their cadence died. I gave my heart to prayer.

LIGHT THAT SHALL BE

"Peace beginning to be,
Deep as the sleep of the sea."

— SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

UNFURLING ages:

Prophets, priests and sages

Foretell the coming of effulgent light.

On history's pages

War's wild tumult rages,

Nor ends in dawning, misery's murky night.

Will ever come the break of brighter day?

Will ever night and storm and rack give way?

Fresh watch-fires burning:

At close of day returning,

Judæan shepherds fold their weary flocks.

Vigil eyes keeping

Watch, while others, sleeping,

Forget alarms and gray Time's rudest shocks.

Suddenly, like the trumpet's far fanfare,

An angel voice rings on the midnight air.

Great joy, the tidings!

From celestial hidings

For all mankind fares forth the waited hour.

Uplifted portals,

Joy for sin-slaved mortals;

Behold the Prince of Peace in kingly power!

Light of the Golden Age dawns clear at last;

Comes on the hour when sin and hate are past.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

WRITTEN FOR THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
FOUNDING OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

ONE Hundred Years: ONE Hundred Years: What are ONE
Hundred Years?

A ten-arched span of decades, bridging the hopes and fears
Of the slow stream of life, like dungeon darkness slow,
And yet that speeds as meteors speed, in its ever onward
flow.

ONE Hundred Years: ONE Hundred Years: What are ONE
Hundred Years?

A hundred flowering springtimes, now laughing, now in
tears:

A hundred stalwart summers, wresting by daily toil
And sweat of brow their daily bread, from oft unwilling
soil;

A hundred restful autumns, rich in their golden store;
A hundred silver winters, whitening the stained world o'er.

ONE Hundred Years: ONE Hundred Years: What are ONE
Hundred Years?

In Clio's hand on Helicon one more closed scroll appears:
The records of the hoary past, the sayings of the wise,
Are swelled by page on page that tell how nations fall
and rise:

And how upon these western shores, 'neath freedom's flag
unfurled,

The hero-child of liberty stands champion of the world.

One Hundred Years: One Hundred Years: What are One
Hundred Years?

A time whose vast achievements pass all visions of all
seers;

Whose hands have weighed the planets, and writ crea-
tion's story;

Whose feet have left mid arctic snows the imprint of their
glory;

Whose ears have heard the voices of all lands beyond all
seas;

Whose eyes have seen God's mighty hand lay bare his
mysteries;

Whose lips have spoken words whose weight breaks
shackles and makes free,

And still shall break till time shall bring to all men liberty.

One Hundred Years: One Hundred Years: What are One
Hundred Years?

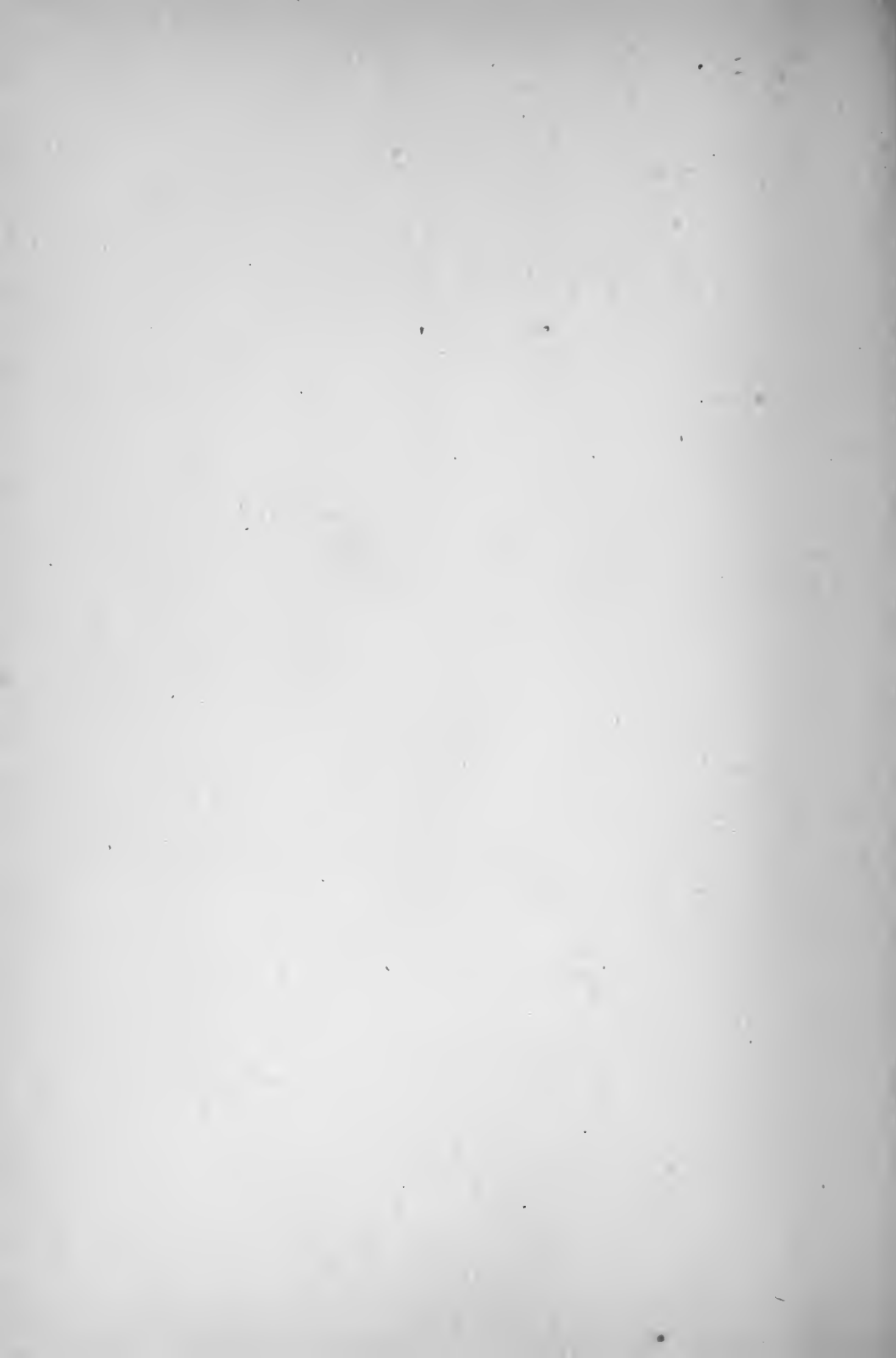
Our Alma Mater's lifetime, and they wake our hearts to
cheers:

What though her numbers are but few, she's in achieve-
ment great:

Great in her patience, in her faith, and in her power to
wait

While centuries come and centuries go, if such the call
shall be,

Till patience, faith and power joined shall crown her
destiny.



A GROUP OF SONNETS



SPRING

Long prisoned by the frost-king's icy hand,
River and lake burst from his freezing thrall.
The bell-mouthed crocus lifts the rigid pall
To tint with brilliance the awakening land;
On the greensward, blues, whites and yellows stand,
With beauty answering waking Nature's call.
Far in the glen, where deep woods' shadows fall,
The petals of anemones expand.

An unseen host moves over flood and field,
The streams find freedom from the bonding chill.
On lawn and lea, on vale and crested hill,
The dead, the sere to life's strong pulses yield,
And Nature answers with her gladsome song
To Spring, her lover who has wooed her long.

SUMMER

THE earth, long slumbering in the icy hall
Where snow-robed Winter held relentless sway,
Waked by the shining of the gladsome day
When Summer's herald, Spring, with rapturous call
Proclaims the breaking of the frost-king's thrall,
Unlocks the streams; while flowers in bright array,
A tinted army, fragrant homage pay
As on the sward the colored petals fall.

Now shadows of the cloud sweep o'er the grain,
And tasseled corn joys in the glowing sun.
The pastures drink the gently falling rain;
Homeward the cattle wend when day is done.
Out on the lake the windless sail is furled,
While night-bird's note sings vesper for the world.

AUTUMN

THE flaming torches of the autumn days
Wave in the breezes of the dying year.
Like clouds past sunset, when the night is near,
The forests glow illumed with richest rays
On mount, by stream, or where in lonely ways
The swaying maples, and the oaks austere,
In somber brown, in crimsons shining clear,
Stand glory-clothed before our raptured gaze.

The river winds its way past barring hills,
Now swift, now still in broad expanse it lies
And mirrors back the tints of woods and skies.
Far overhead the lingering song-bird trills,
Then seeks his rest where dark pines stand serene
Or flittering birches flaunt their silvery sheen.

WINTER

BLEAK, bare, and bending to the boisterous breeze
Like things bereft of hope, and still pursued
By hostile fate in stern, persistent mood,
Stand lone or forest-grouped the shivering trees,
While somber cadences to minor keys
Sweep through their branches, and the Winter rude
Laughs to behold them gaunt, and sere, and nude;
Then requiem sings in chilling melodies.

The darkening water of the river tells
Of icy darts that pierce the flowing stream,
In every drop to rob it of its gleam;
While from the mountain crests roll down great swells
Of souging sounds that seem like heaven's sighs
Breathed o'er the dying year from arching skies.

THE WINTER TREES

THE bough is bare. A single leaf hangs sere,
Last token of the full tide of the year.

The trees stand shivering, stripped and dead, as though
The glory of the summer had not been,
And through their naked tops the sky is seen,

While, from far background of hills clothed with snow,
Comes light that makes the somber picture glow
And westering sun tints browns with silvery sheen.

So, when our life seems like the tree top bare,
All its green joy only a summer flare,

The faith-filled eye can see the hidden blue,
And the full glory of immortal hope,
While unillumined souls in darkness grope,
And see of life naught but the somber hue.

ANEMONE

A PEARLY-PETALED flower in forest glade, —
Where mosses cluster and where brown leaves lie,
Where overhead the dark pines sway and sigh
To the soft breeze; where, at the evening's shade,
The timid fawn, of earth's wild sounds afraid,
Steals cautious forth, alert, with wary eye,
Ready at danger's sight or sound to fly, —
I found, as up the quiet glen I strayed.

It was a spring anemone. It told
Of summer days, of autumn harvests due;
Of fields embrightened by the rod of gold
Which Nature waves as scepter for the due
Which toil must pay, as tribute for the store
She waits with lavish hand again to pour.

NIGHTFALL

I HEARD at eve the pealing of a bell
Swept by the breeze across the darkening plain.
A single note, it sank; then clear again
Upon my ear its cadence rose and fell
Like waves of ocean, when they sink and swell
Beneath the power that rocks the rolling main;
Or like the music of an old refrain,
Now high, now low, heart-holding by its spell.

Then, far above, on branch of towering pine,
High, sweet, and vibrant thrilled the night-bird's song,
The vesper note that marks the day's decline.
So bird and bell, near and afar, prolong
In tones harmonic evening's lullaby,
Till glittering stars gleam in the azure sky.

A SUMMER NIGHT

Now slowly evening draws her curtaining veil.
Dark, silhouetted 'gainst the leadening skies
Stand fringing forests. Silent, silvery, lies
The unrippled lake. Yonder a windless sail
Marks where a boat awaits some favoring gale.
See now the afterglow in glory rise,
Heaven's wordless tribute to the day that dies;
Voiceless falls night, grim in her sable mail.

How high the stars! Far on the azure dome
They take their place, respondent to the call
Of Him who in his unseen heavenly home
Nor sleeps nor slumbers, watching over all.
Earth rests. The night wind gently stirs the trees.
The note of hermit thrush comes down the breeze.

EVENTIDE

DARK, leaden clouds, as hours of daylight die,
Lie somber drift-heaps, banked against the blue.
Below them sinks the sun, nor struggles through
One brightening ray to cheer the watcher's eye,
Or paint the wings of ships that sail the sky.
Gone is day's glory; comes the darkening hue
That shuts the gate of vision to the view,
And opes the door forth which night's dangers fly.

But look! A cloud-rift, and a radiant light
Silvering the edge, which swiftly turns to gold,
While crimson glory tints the wave of night,
From nether ocean of the sky inrolled.
Up past mid-arch of heaven the glory flies,
To kiss day's portal ere the day beam dies.

MORS — LUX

MARSH grass, all verdure gone, stalks sere and brown,
Dead emblems of a life no more to be,
Stretching across the lowlands to the sea;
Dull clouds o'erhead, the old year's dying frown
Upon the ruin of her summer's crown;
A few leaves rustling in a half wrecked tree,
And cold, pale rays that steal across the lea
From the low sun, fast hastening to its down.

But list! Above the ruin spreading far,
Nature will throw her spotless robe of white,
And distant spheres, each gleaming, glowing star
Will o'er it pour their radiant flood of light,
While hands divine weave 'neath the dead world's bier
A wondrous garment for the coming year.

THE GUEST ROOM

THE prophet's chamber with its open door
Survives the shock of ages, and can still
With peace and calm and wordless comfort fill
The heart that finds it as in days of yore.
Life's tides may still through deep-worn channels pour,
But thither bring no freight of carking ill.
In that blest spot no wintry storm can chill.
Faith, hope, and love abide; life wants no more.

Refreshed and strengthened greet the coming day.
Take up the burden, for a night laid down,
Ready for aught; add labor what it may,
Take it with joy, and never thought of frown.
The prophet's chamber is toil's anteroom;
Gird there for duty; then God's task resume.

THE WATCHER

HIGH on the cliffs above the rolling sea,
The watcher scanned the far horizon line,
Heedless alike of wind and cloud. "Not mine
To care how long or wild the tempest be,
If but one bark comes sailing back to me."
Slowly the sun moved down the long incline
To the far portal where its light benign
Fades, as day closes and night turns the key.

High up the cliff howled the storm's raucous roar:
In from the west the fisher barks were driven.
The morning broke. The watcher's eye no more
Swept the wild sea. Blinded by tears, and riven
Of love and joy, she groped her lonely way
Back from the night, into the hopeless day.

THE GLEN AND THE SHADOW

THE glen o'er which the forests grimly close
Receives the sunbeam as a welcome friend.
Shimmering o'er leaf and rill and calm repose
Of granite cliffs, silent to earth it goes.
Touched by its gleam, poplars and birches bend
As sun-kissed breezes 'mid their slim stems float.
The sun sets; shadow darkens into night,
Cold, somber, cheerless; and the night-bird's note
Pours wailing from his tiny feathered throat,
Sounding no prophecy of future light,
Nor hint that morn shall break with radiance bright,
And sunbeam soft again with shadow blend.

Yet murmurs not the glen, though past its day,
Nor moans the loss of friendly, shimmering ray.

THE ANGELUS

THE vibrant tone of the deep-throated bell
Sounds clear, strong, sweet from the old minster tower
Across the moorland, as the evening hour
Draws down. On heart of patient toil a spell
Is cast by cadences that sink and swell
As waves, land-driven by the gentle power
Of coursing winds, whiles yet no storm-clouds lower,
And on the deep the night-watch calls, "All's well!"

Far out beyond the turmoil of the town,
Where the long sand-line marks the ocean's sweep,
And lazy waves up the long sand-slope creep
To kiss the feet of sedge grass sere and brown,
Rolls on the music of the call to prayer,
And faith makes answer, and forgets her care.

SELF-COMPREHENSION

"THE laborer is worthy of his hire."

No matter where the fields his labor tills,
If 'twixt the dawn and dusk his purpose fills
The grand ambition to rise ever higher;
If through his veins his pulses send desire
To reach life's goal; if in his soul he wills
To win his fight 'gainst all opposing ills,
Kindling each day afresh the noble fire.

So toiling, he shall come at last to know
The power that lies in earnest effort made;
So toiling, he shall find e'en here below
The sweetest guerdon e'er to labor paid:
The tribute paid by self to service done,
The soul's rejoicing over victory won.

LIBERTY

THE power to choose one's way restrained by none
Save Him who gave the soul its power to choose;
The power to grasp and hold, or to refuse
What life shall proffer as its course is run;
The power to finish or to leave undone,
Reckless of ends, whether one gain or lose;
Men call this liberty, and oft abuse
God's gift, that can but be by service won.

For liberty is guerdon for that soul
That, serving, finds itself most truly free;
That, yielding, for the good of life's great whole,
Part of its right, gains yet the victory.
For they are freest who to others give
The right that self demands, the right to live.

LOVE

THAT love should be akin to human pain
Seems passing strange; but yet life blends them so,
That which is pain, which love, one scarce may know,
When from the heartstrings sounds the mingled strain,
Until one asks to hear it o'er again.

And then, too oft, repeating brings but woe
That wrings the soul and makes the tears o'erflow,
Since love is lost in the retuned refrain.

And yet with joy I even such price would pay
If I could know that love at last would be
The overtone of the whole harmony.
If I could know the pain would pass away,
Then could I bless the hand that from above
Struck first the note of pain, then that of love.

THE MASTER PASSION

INTO the toil, unto the daily task

Faith moves once more; her heart has purpose strong,

Be the day's burden great or pathway long,

To tread the path, and for the burden ask

The strength to bear; nor thinks to idly bask

In the world's brilliance, nor to hear the song

Which pleasure sings to lure the passing throng

To scenes where rule the revel and the mask.

For faith, earth's sirens have no swerving call;

Her course lies straight, be it through night or day.

For faith, earth's burdens, be they great or small,

Are light, since Christ is life and truth and way.

Faith's master passion, brings life good or ill,

Is sweet submission to her Master's will.

THE CHURCH

FOUR-SQUARE to all the winds that fiercely blow,
Her turrets rising from her bastioned walls,
A peaceful fortress; echoing through her halls
No tread of men armed 'gainst an earthly foe,
But the soft tread of passing to and fro
Of those whose voices join in gentle calls,
As one by one each at the altar falls,
Of Him from whom all earthly blessings flow.

A peaceful fortress to cathedral turned;
Her casemates, cloisters, and her barracks, homes;
Her sentries, preachers; and, where watch-fires burned,
Rise countless shrines, with spires or rounded domes,
That tell the world that gruesome war must cease,
And Christ, triumphant, reign as Prince of Peace.

GRACE

GRACE free as freedom, but no spoil of war;
Grace pouring in as pours the ocean tide,
When on its swelling crests, outspreading wide,
Wave after wave, white-capped, sent in from far,
Like ocean's coursers with triumphal car,
Surging, rejoicing, flashing, sunbeams ride
To kiss the waiting sands, as if their bride,
Ceaseless, from dawn till shines the evening star.

So grace, deep as that ever rolling sea,
Gift of a love that knows nor rest nor pause,
While God is God, and love obeys his laws,
Flows for our souls from cross-crowned Calvary;
And on its waves that lave our life the while
Rides the sweet sunshine of his grace-lit smile.

THE REFUGE

Love binding with a bond more strong than fate,
And recking not the fiercest blasts that blow,
By passion loosed, nor fearing waves that strow
Along life's shores wrecks made by sin and hate,
Holds human souls impelled by purpose great,
Though long the way and the on-going slow,
Though sharp the assault of ever watchful foe,
To walk the narrow way to glory's gate.

For God is love, and strength is in his arm,
And no opposer can his will defeat.
And love is peace, that smiles at rude alarm,
And peace means rest, when love and life shall meet.
Yea, God is love, the unbroken bond that holds
The storm-tossed soul, and to himself enfolds.

POWER AND LOVE

With head uplifted while his keen eye flashed
Conscious that life his great behest must heed,
Thinking of triumph on the martial field
Where hosts to stronger hosts opposing yield,
Power cried, "Crown me Glory," nor abashed
Thought that the prayer meant life's ambitions dashed
For other men. "Straight shall my purpose speed
On to its goal, though many hearts may bleed."

Then whispered Love with gentle voice and low:
"Since hearts must bleed if this thy purpose be,
With thee, companion, handmaid, let me go,
With heart to pity, and with eyes to see
And hand to heal the aching, breaking heart."
But Power replied, "No: let us never start."

S A M U E L H . H A D L E Y

A BROKEN reed on which no life could lean:
A bit of flotsam tossed on hostile shore:
A human wreck was he, and nothing more.
Sometimes the thought of what he might have been
Fell on his soul. As snowflakes on the green
In late spring days when winter's rule is o'er
Whiten a moment, then pass open door
Of waking earth into the vast unseen;

So thoughts at random fell on this poor soul,
But left no impress for a future good.
And then the change. "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
Grew straight the broken reed; the wave-tossed wood
Became a way-mark; and the wreck a guide
To souls adrift out on Sin's whelming tide.

JULIA WARD HOWE

IN days when clouds hung dark, when fierce winds blew,
When hope in patriot breasts was pulsing slow,
When civil strife was touching life with woe,
When, like ill-omened bird, dire anguish drew
The cry, "O Lord, how long?" then vision new
Came to one waiting soul, inspired to know
How work together, even here below,
All things for good to them whose hearts are true.

She touched her harp; she sang her glory strain,
"Mine eyes have seen the coming of the Lord."
High hope beat fast, and life forgot its pain,
Clear voices answered to the vibrant chord.
"His vintage he is trampling," thus she sang,
And through the land one mighty echo rang.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LIKE rugged stone cut from its mountain bed
 And wrought by hands divine with matchless power
 For Freedom's temple in Time's crucial hour,
 He stood, strong soul, by noble purpose led
 To save the Union by fierce foes bestead.
 Great heart, unheeding threatening clouds that lower,
 And sweeping storms that make the craven cower,
 He forward moved with strong, unfaltering tread.

The nation, saved, wreathes with its immortelles
 The rugged column that repelled the stroke
 That threatened death; and its loud anthem swells
 In ringing notes to him whose daring broke
 The slave's hard chain, and gave him right to be
 On Freedom's soil the child of Liberty.

WILLIAM C. GRAY

A STURDY spirit cradled in the storm

When life was young, when fears brought no alarms
That in young manhood's hour felt all the charms
That strength incarnate lends to mortal form;
For whom stern truth was standard, guide, and norm;
Erect, alert, self-poised with folded arms
In manhood's prime, sin neither daunts nor harms
As with brave tongue he speaks for life's reform.

Yet graced with smile that wins sweet childhood's heart,

With laugh as music-full as wild thrush-song,
With jest all guileless, but of wondrous art,
With humor subtle, gentle, fresh and strong —
Titan in this our untitanic day,
Master of arts — the genial, grave and gay.

TO-DAY'S BETHLEHEM

ONCE Bethlehem's shepherds 'neath night's sable wing
Heard at the midnight hour the angel call,
"Good tidings of great joy to you, to all
Who to the promise of the prophets cling;
For unto you this day is born a King.
Go where he lies cradled in manger stall,
And at his feet reverent, obeisant fall,
And all your hearts in worship thither bring."

And still the shepherds watch as long ago,
And still the seraph choir sings in the night,
And still the strains of heavenly music flow;
If still, like them of old on upland height,
Our ears are open to hear seraphs sing,
And eyes are watching for the coming King.

NIGHTFALL

The last poem written by Richard Sill Holmes.

Soft lies the long, low cloud upon the sky,
One edge gold-broidered by the needling light,
One silvered. 'Tis the setting sun's Good Night
To toiling millions as the day hours die.
Earth's restless hum is hushed. The night-bird's cry
Alone is heard, weird, falling from the height
Of the lone pine; a trill that marks the flight
Of day; yet still a song and not a sigh.

So be our lives; their cloud lines glorified,
Their evening tints more wondrous than their day;
Their somber shadows richened, beautified,
Though pauseless still we tread the westward way;
Hope, like the night-bird, sounding clear above
One note that ne'er shall die, Eternal Love.

**SPARKS FROM THE THOUGHT
ANVIL**

ANTITHESSES AND ANALOGIES

A FLASH LIGHT reveals the fact of darkness with emphasis. A searchlight reveals the contents of darkness. Conscience is often both.

Independence is good for a man as long as he is by himself. After association with others begins, interdependence is better.

To be near the truth and pass it by without knowing is worse than to be far from it but steadily though slowly toiling toward it.

To have nothing in character or conduct to defend is better than the best defense ever made.

The world owes no man a living, but every man owes the world an honest effort to get one.

To see truth as it is, though distasteful, is better than to see it as it is not, though delectable.

Trouble, in its growth and seed-sowing, is often like a dandelion. Its root is single; its seeds fly to the ends of the earth.

The waves are not the ocean, but only results of the storms that sweep its surface. So, emotions are not life.

To believe nothing with all one's might is better than to half-believe something and continually apologize for the half-belief.

Poetry is language dancing to the music of the imagination. Its rhymes are only the pause points of its feet.

Sunshine never asks: "On what shall I shine?" It just shines. We suspect that is the way God loves.

To be useful one need not blow a trumpet nor beat a drum. A cambric needle makes no noise; neither does a pen that writes a letter to a sorrowing soul.

Self-moderation in one's own speech is better than another's toleration for that speech.

The creators like Homer, Plato, Moses and Paul have been few. The imitators are a vast army whose work has beautified the world.

If broken promises make paving stones for hell, do promises kept to the letter make a smooth roadway toward heaven?

To be a student with eye fixed on the stars, striving thus to see God, is better than to watch, for years, with unbroken gaze, the outflow from the discharge pipe of an oil-well.

Unkept private promises subject their makers and breakers to distrust and contempt. Unkept political ones have been the chief asset of political parties for a quarter of a century.

Christian Science is a name fixed and definite, and may not be turned from its anchorage in a cult. But scientific Christianity is quite a different thing, of which our national life is in great need.

Milton wrote: "They also serve who only stand and wait." Multitudes of our generation accept it, saying: "That sort of service suits me." The Bowery bread-line is ample proof. But there are many sons of wealth also who are units in a figurative bread-line.

Benevolence is etymologically the opposite of malevolence. Generosity has no such opposite; it stands alone. An ungenerous person is prone to be a curmudgeon and niggardly. A malevolent one is often open-handed in some directions, though hate-filled in others.

Thousands of passengers ride in Pullman coaches rejoicing in the brilliant electric light, and absolutely unconscious that the revolving car axle under them makes it. Light is thus a by-product of locomotion. Is it possible that thought is a like by-product of the motors that move our lives?

OLD SAYINGS WITH MODERN MEANINGS

"TRUTH crushed to earth will rise again"; but uncrushed truth has a better chance of making a record for height.

"Of two evils choose the least," is a life-harming fallacy. No revelation has ever told which is the least of any or all evils.

"Silence is golden." Sometimes it is a leaden lie, as vocal as the universe is wide.

"Back to Christ!" has been in some quarters a popular cry. But the trouble with many a Christian is, he has his back to Christ.

Many persons in our day practice faithfully along the line of David's utterance; "Sacrifice and offerings Thou didst not desire."

"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself," and Christ was in God sacrificing himself unto the world.

In these days candidates should remember that the word "candidate" means "clothed with shining white." Pity is it that the Roman garment has so completely failed in being a symbol of character.

The Greeks were wont to say: "After the contest the crown." The Christ taught, "After the cross: the crown." The modern spirit says, "The contest and the cross for my father; the crown for me."

"By faith Abraham" — in a day so long ago that some critics say, "Abraham is only an eponym." If we ask, "By faith who?" now, will we get answer from a church full of eponyms? Or are all the Abrahams dead?

KINDLING

If there were but one sort of temptation there would be fewer sinners.

It is as easy to trust God for the other man as it is to see the other man's sins.

"What is wrong with the Church?" Nothing. What makes its progress so slow? Its freight.

Inspiration is a spiritual fire; nothing material lights it.

A sense of humor is to many a man a safety valve against anger.

Necessity is the mother of invention, but sometimes she is unable to dress her children.

Superstition is the practice of crystallized ignorance.

Sadness is often the tribute that memory exacts from forgetfulness.

No lesson of history is plainer than this — no man is greater than the smallest of his limitations.

The value of a sermon is not determined by a hearer's comments made between his pew and the church door, but by his conduct next day.

Merit is only relative. The standards of palace and of prison are very different. "X" may equal "Y," however, in the equation expressing relative merit.

The digger is a great life saver. The shovel and the tile are the destroyers of the swamp and the gutter.

To be sharp as a razor, shrewd as nails, hard as steel, and always honest is to be a sincere, truth-loving, God-fearing hypocrite.

Eloquence is not rhetoric, but a torrent whose springs are in the recesses of the soul.

One who walks in the light is wise, if sure that the light is not reflected from the moon shining on a marsh.

To know the truth is to know more than mere facts; it is to know the relations of the facts to one another.

Inclination is the bending of a soul. With the soul as with a tree, twig time is the time for bending.

The act of thinking is pleasant, after custom takes away the sense of newness. It is also useful.

The logical time for a money-maker or a sermon-maker to stop is when he has reached his climax. Few of either class seem to know it.

True worth is the deposit which good life makes in the storehouse of character. A man may leave the doors of that storehouse wide open without fear. Only his own hands can remove or waste the treasure.

Expression, impression, repression, depression, suppression, — these are etymological illustrations of how the essential and the fundamental can be affected by the insignificant.

Sight is the only function of the senses which is applied to the action of the mind. When a truth heretofore uncomprehended suddenly flashes on a soul, he says: "I see it"; never "I hear it," "I touch it, taste it, smell it."

Courage is seldom, if ever, noisy. It is never bravado. It is not a pugilistic virtue. Courage is heart-age, and its manifestation is usually as quiet as a pulse-beat.

New Year resolutions are hardly more worthless, as a rule, than those of religious conventions. The first are the children of retrospect; the second, of irresponsibility.

Preachers are not made by seminaries. Lyman Beecher never saw a theological seminary, as a student. All a seminary can do is to open the door of a man's being and let the preacher out.

The best minister is the one truest to his own manhood, and the best manhood is revealed in him who is truest

minister to life all about him. Phillips Brooks was such a minister; John H. Converse displayed such manhood.

Installation, jubilation, exaltation, fluctuation, deprecation, imprecation, mortification, expostulation, objurgation, dubitation, abdication, non-relation. That is the story of many a minister and a congregation.

Music is the soul's expression of passion or emotion, of rapture or delight, of sorrow or joy. Its method is melody or harmony; its test is laughter or applause, silence or tears.

Symmetry is better than distortion, goodness is better than meanness, truth is better than falsehood, love is better than hate. Commonplaces? Oh, yes. But the world would be better could we see these better things oftener as life's actual commonplaces.

Prohibition prohibits always where it is unnecessary; almost never where it is necessary. When law grips the conscience of citizen or community, it becomes effective. But an active conscience and a community of which the majority is determined to have intoxicants are not boon companions.

Influence is your dynamic in the life of another. In that other it is indeed in-fluence. As to yourself, it is ef-fluence. "Action and reaction are equal," says the physicist. But effluence and influence are not equal.

The streams of good and ill out of our lives do not all flow into the wells which hearts are. Part of the good is wasted on human Saharas.

Life is a coil of ever rising rings of years, each new one a little above the last; or a coil of ever down-going years, each succeeding one a little lower than its predecessor. Which is your life? If you are consciously ascending you are drawing nearer to God and glory with every cycle. Do not lament that you have risen no higher. Rejoice that you have risen at all. So, year after year, up the coil of the years we go, mounting, often on the very mistakes we make, toward destiny.

SPARKS THAT FLY UPWARD

SPIRITUALITY is religious magnetism in action. It grips the other man.

Spirituality is an atmosphere. It blows no bugle and wears no label.

Turmoil is not the pleasantest way to peace; but, like lightning, it is often God's logic.

Sin is a debt life cannot pay; Christ's salvation is a credit that balances our books.

The divine that sometimes appears in humanity is a fine proof that man was made in the image of God.

Love may be hurt, may be wounded to death, but it can never be made either foe or traitor.

No real Christian need deny that he is one. He could not prove his denial in the face of his life.

One's relation to Christ is the latitude and longitude which fix his place among men.

The measure of human character is not the opinion of others, but the record of one's own consciousness.

A shrine at a wayside, by which to kneel and pray, serves often to sustain a pilgrim. He is thrice blessed who carries wayside and shrine in his heart.

Age may break strength and loose the grip of the hand on life's activities; it cannot break the grip of faith's anchor on the Rock of Ages.

The old theology is not decrepit. Its back is not bent, nor do its steps totter. Modernity may not like it, but must confess that it is stately.

Patience under trial is high moral virtue; thankfulness under trial because of calm trust in God is Christianity.

Retrospect is sometimes a vast inspiration. But whether it inspire or depress depends on one's attitude. When the back look is at mire and pitfalls and jungle, it only increases weariness. This is a parable of character.

A certain rich man said recently: "I have made forty-three millionaires." A certain poor old missionary, dying, said, "I have turned the New Hebrides from cannibalism to Christ."

Religion, in common acceptance, is the most tremendous of human assets. Probably that is why the multitude keep it safely shut away from contamination by touch with life.

Tempest and sunshine, storm and calm, are only incidents of nature. Wreck is followed by beauty, as time weaves and spreads her mantle. The pity is, that human nature does not always illustrate the same law.

Peace of heart is the dividend that self-control pays to character. Its value is not reckoned in percentages, but in the approval of God's representative in a soul — the judgment.

Progressive politics, art, science, education — but no progressive Christianity. Jesus reached the end of the road with his first step: "Thou shalt love thine enemies."

"The long, long, weary day," and the longer, wearier night that will most surely follow may both become avenues along which the feet of patience may bear the soul to the touch of the outstretched hand of God.

Blunders and sins may be equally deplorable for their physical effects, but they are vastly different in quality. Christ did not come to call blunderers but sinners to repentance.

A man is God's noblest work in creation, and a Christian is God's most wonderful achievement in character. A man is a unit, alone, uncombined. A Christian is the unit plus the Christ. The sum of this combination is that divine thing, a saved soul.

Faith does not consist in emotion. Emotion is red fire. It burns, beautiful but brief. Faith is not an impulse. Impulse is a lightning flash. It clears the air and blesses sometimes; but its trail is marked by wreck often and often. Faith rests in conviction.

Jesus compared himself to many natural, common things. "I am the bread of life"; "I am the water of life." He never said of himself what he said of his disciples: "Ye are the salt of the earth." Not "I am the salt." Salt can, must, in the life with which he was familiar, lose its savor. Had he once lost his savor, we should have had no Saviour.

"Rejoice always, and again I say, rejoice." What, Paul, always? Yes, I said so. When you have made a business blunder, and your friends fall away, and a sudden loss sweeps comfort off, and you are defeated in your purposes? Yes; just then. What? When your life is suddenly cut off from its possibilities, and the man you had trusted deceives you and wrecks your hopes, and the world tells you it has no more use for you? Yes; just then. For God is right where he was all the time. Don't make yourself believe the world owes you a living. It does not. You owe it decency, morality, integrity, grit, indomitability. Brace up, man. Rejoice always. Are you thrown to-day, and your clothes torn, and your body bruised? Get up, and if you can't get the bruises salved, and the tatters mended, tramp right on as you are, rejoicing that you can go — come out strong, like Mark Tapley. You are on "the King's Highway."

The Church at large is threatened with spiritual uselessness on account of an increasing number of nerveless Christians. There has never yet been a case of spiritual nervous prostration. The more nervously active is the Christian spirit, the keener is its zest for work and the more marvelous its spiritual power. But there is real danger of spiritual decadence. The Church grows in numbers, but statistics prove nothing as to spiritual power. Christianity is professed, but too often it is not possessed, and a church member without spiritual nerve is no better than a jellyfish.

We have no great fondness for narrow, intolerant, fossilized theology; but a man as narrow as the edge of a meat-ax, as intolerant as a vicious bull in a field, and as fossilized as a troglodyte, is preferable to a flabby, pudgy, wabbling-souled Christian.

OUR BOOKS

THE man who knows his books, and whom his books know, will never be friendless. They have something for each mood that sits as guest in his soul. They sing to him, touch the fountain of his tears, wake him to laughter, wreath garlands of smiles for him, rouse him to nobler purpose, send him chastened to his knees.

How good it is to hold a book we love. How satisfying it is to stand before one's bookshelves and wander back in thought through the years where the books lead. Here is a row of the finer volumes, lords and ladies of their realm. Here is another of old soldiers, worn, battered, scarred, wounded, from the mind's battle fields. Some cannot stand alone. Some are too crowded for comfort. But they bear it all because they love us and remember where we have been together. And as for ourselves; what do we care for worn bindings and broken covers? These are our books.

EDUCATION

EDUCATION is not a thing of past, but of present tenses. It is e-duc-ing and not e-duc-ed work. It is "drawing out" work. Education is drawing a soul out of previously existing conditions into such as conform it to its Maker's purpose. If education is a thing that can be gotten, and that can be finished at any stated period of life, it is no better than a bit of personal property. Education is not the high art of stuffing a soul with graces and accomplishments, nor of filling it with knowledge, nor of cramming it with ideas. A soul is not a turkey, nor a toy balloon, nor a trunk. Stuff the bird with bread crumbs, sage and onions; fill the balloon with gas and let it fly to a child's delight; cram the trunk with clothes until help must be called to shut it; and neither bird, balloon, nor trunk has been educated. A precocious child that can repeat verbatim the pages of the old-fashioned Andrews & Stoddard's Latin grammar, exceptions and all, is not necessarily educated.

Making one learned, imparting culture, causing one to know what all social conventions demand, is not education. Evening clothes are not education. If the only measure of education is an academic gown and a mortar-board cap, men could order the commodity from the tailor and estimate it by the quality of the fabric or the number of yards used for the gown, or the number of gold

tails in the cap's tassel. Education is not a coat of paint; not a thing to be laid hold of and made subject to the various forms of the verb "to get." To "get religion" and to "get an education" are expressions equally absurd. Education is a process that begins when the first impulse acts on the soul of which the purpose is to fit the soul for the thing God had in mind when he made that soul; and it continues only as it acts in the direction of such a purpose.

SALVATION BY INCULCATION?

THE egg and the soul are inter-relational. The egg exists in the world generate. So does a soul. To explain the physical chemistry which causes the one, or the spiritual chemistry which causes the other, is impossible, but facts are facts.

The egg, if left to itself, will become degenerate. So will a soul. Keep the egg away from contact with eggs, especially from bad ones; yet it will degenerate. Subject it to warming influences of one sort and another, it will degenerate. Let the roosters crow over it and declare what a good egg it is, every day. Let the hens cackle good elevating cackle over it; let them have quiet hours with it every day; let the mother hen set it the sweetest example possible; even then, it will degenerate. It is so with the soul. When will we learn that morals are never taught, but are caught, like measles, and that the immorals outclass the morals of the world? Sin potency is in the soul. It will degenerate in spite of inculcation.

An egg can be regenerated. We all know how. So can a soul. The processes can be described by the same formula. Forces from without must act on each in accordance with law. The egg is waked to life by being born from above. So is the soul. Jesus said that to Nicodemus. It is conversion that saves a soul, not inculcation. Grace saves, not inculcation. Regenera-

tion saves, not inculcation. That is the law. And for regeneration there must be heart throes; sin pangs; conscience lashings; floods of penitence; sharp turning of a life, born facing out and away from God, squarely around upon itself, to face in toward God and to go evermore his way.

NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW

AN ANTI-CARE PRESCRIPTION

LIFE is a thing of the passing day. It is to be measured by to-day's doings, and not by worryings over to-morrow. What to-day's results will be may not appear until to-morrow, but if the work was done as well as we could do it, that is enough. Borrow no trouble from to-morrow. Borrowing is bad business at the best; and trouble is the worst thing to borrow of all borrowable things. We can do nothing with trouble if we borrow it. It will pay no debts of yesterday nor will it buy exemption from to-day's duties; and if we borrow we may have to repay with compound interest on the day after to-morrow, for there is not such another exacting creditor in this world as to-morrow.

A day may not be long enough to enable one to do all the work it brings: it is then surely not long enough to allow the doing of its work and to-morrow's also. To "take time by the forelock" may be a good thing sometimes, but one should never forget that the old man carries a scythe; there is danger that he will swing it and cut off the legs of the life that is trying to keep before him and lead him. It is safer to let time lead, even though he does plod sometimes.

How can one help taking thought? How can one keep from worrying? Can one keep from thinking? Not while the mind is alive and awake. But we can help "taking

thought." To think is one thing; to take thought is another. To think is to live; to take thought is to nag life. To think is to grow and become powerful; to take thought is to fill one's soul with anxiety and foreboding. To think is to drive the soul to feeding in God's pasture-lands; to take thought for the morrow is to crowd the soul through a hedge of thorns, not that it may feed in the field which lies beyond, but that it may satisfy itself that there will be food there when on some to-morrow it shall pass through to that field. Thinking is the act of a healthy mind; taking thought is the sign of a mind diseased. One can think while resting; strong, pure, helpful thought; one can never rest while taking thought. To think is to take care that life shall move as we would have it; to take thought is to have care take us in directions whither we would not go. To think is the regular beating of the pulse of the intellect; to take thought is to have that pulse roused to abnormal activity by fevers of the soul or by stimulants that are unnatural. Not against thinking but against taking thought is the great prescription given. Do to-day the deeds of to-day just as well as they can be done; leave to-morrow's deeds to it. Is not that wise? To-morrow never arrives as to-morrow. When it reaches us it is to-day. Do you fear trouble or evil to-morrow? Both may be in it, but get to-day's trouble out of the way before you begin at to-morrow's. We do not believe a living soul would have "the blues" if each one of us all would take this anti-care prescription. "The blues" are only canned cares.



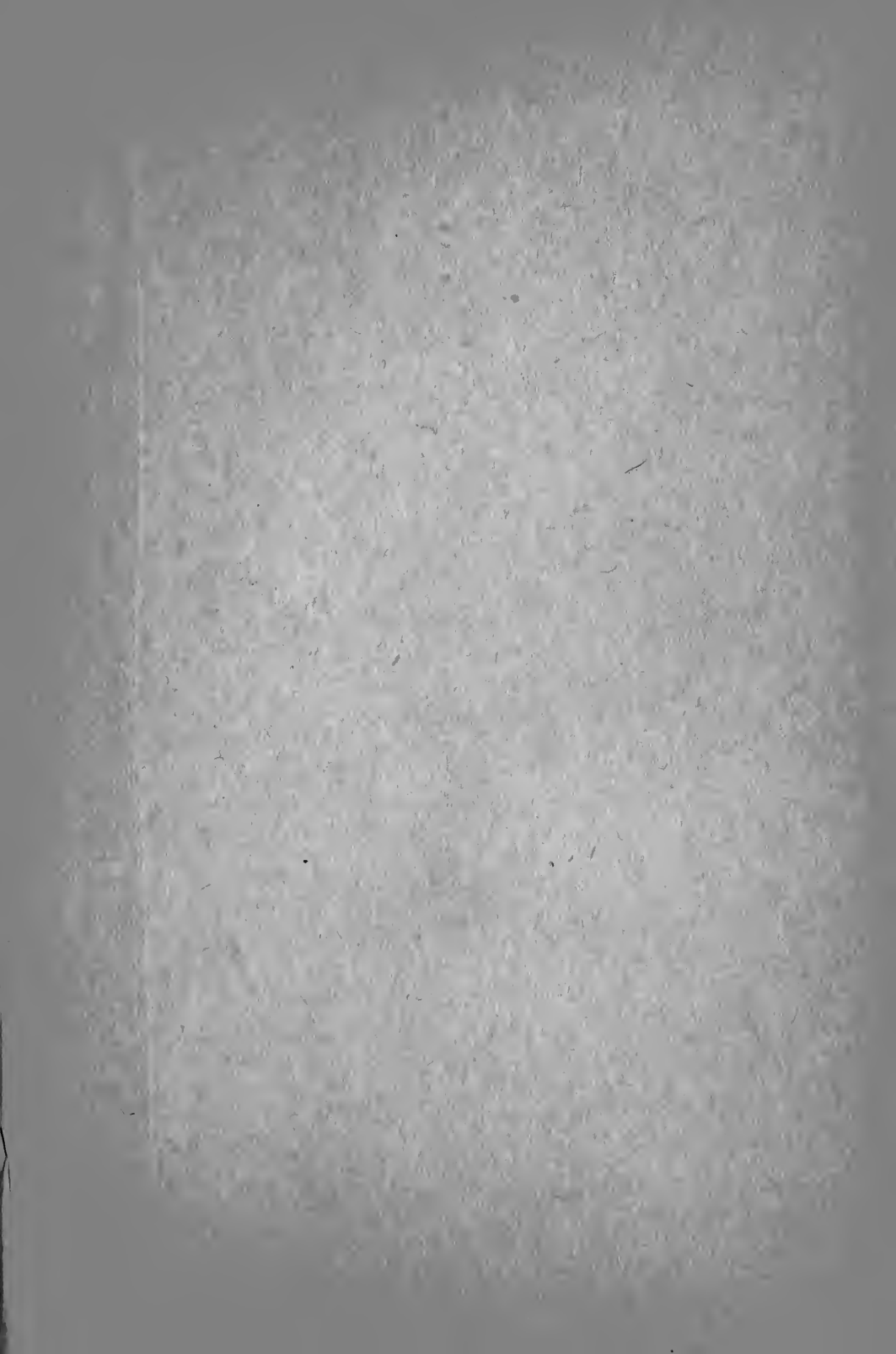
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